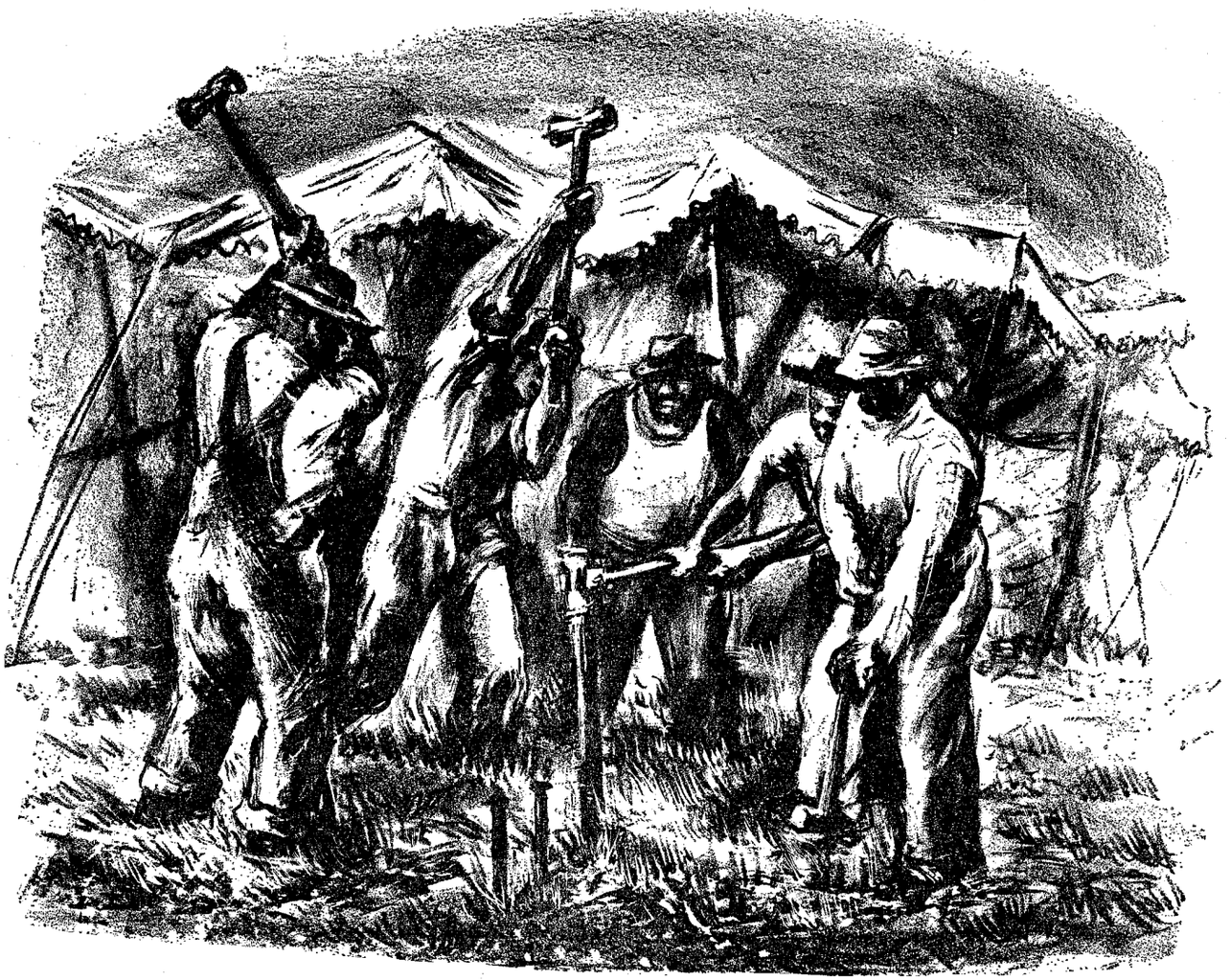
new masses

AUGUST 20, 1946

Vol. LX, No. 8 • 15c; in Canada 20c



JUDAS, A PROLOGUE *by Isidor Schneider*

HOWARD FAST AND "THE AMERICAN" *by Richard O. Boyer*

MUSICIAN'S WAR DIARY, PART II
by Marc Blitzstein

WHO ARE THE PROFITEERS?
by Milton Blau

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

just a minute

AFTER its fourth annual appearance, the New Masses Southern California Art Auction and Sale has become an established community event. This year the exhibit was visited by no less than 1,500 people, including the great, the near-great, and the once-great. And despite the overt and indirect Red-baiting, we achieved the highest total sale in the history of these events, both for New York and Hollywood. Incidentally, we have thus far held no less than eleven such affairs, seven in New York. Such persistence is beginning to earn for the event an institutional character, and we found a reference to the Hollywood exhibit in a New York *World-Telegram* feature article.

Sponsors for the fourth annual show included Charles Boyer, Gene Kelly, Artie Shaw, Ava Gardner, Ira Gershwin, John Garfield and many others. We feel that the support by such outstanding leaders of the film industry has done much to emphasize the importance of the art exhibit. The Los Angeles *Times*, an "impartial" paper that leans heavily to the right, in commenting on the exhibit said that artists of all political beliefs contributed to the exhibit because the magazine had always fought for their interests. The net figures for the sales are not yet complete since all the expenses are not yet totalled, but we can say that the artists' share will be greater than in previous years.

TRAVEL NOTE: On the train going west were some twenty-two freshly graduated Jesuit priests. At dinner one of them confided that they were being sent to the Philippines where a serious problem awaited them. It seems that before the war, about eighty-five percent of the population were members of the Catholic Church; now only about forty-five percent of all the Islands were still faithful. What caused the defection? The Communists, of course. During the war and the underground fighting, the Communists were able to get to the people and undo all the teachings of the Jesuits—but now all that would be soon remedied. "Of course," he stated, leaning towards one of the men at his table, "our greatest enemy today are the Communists." The man addressed appeared not to fall in with such sentiments, so the Jesuit asked him "What do *you* think of the Communists?" He replied, "I think they did great work during the war."

The next day, all the twenty-two priests put themselves out to be nice to the man. "How did you sleep?" they inquired solicitously, or "how was your lunch?" or "would you care to read this magazine?" They were doing their best to bring the strayed lamb back into the fold.

ON THE same train was a contingent of reenlisted Marines on their way to China for a two-year hitch. Having already spent three months in camp at home, they were counting the months still left. "Eighteen months and two weeks more to go," one of them summed up. "Eighteen months, two weeks *and* four days," corrected another.

Such anxiety to get out of the service from reenlisted men was somewhat puzzling. We said as much to one of them. "No jobs when we were demobilized," he explained. "This way we save a bundle of dough, and maybe in two years that boom we been hearing about will come along and we'll be set."

"But aren't you tired of fighting?" we asked.

"And how!" he answered. "But there ain't goin' to be any. We're just going over to protect the Chinese government. It's a cinch."

That is what they were told by the recruiting officer. They would be sent over to protect the Chinese government, and nobody would tangle with Uncle Sam. So when everybody got a peek at who was protecting the Koumintang, things would quiet down and the boys would enjoy a nice long siesta with pay. So they were told.

"I CAN'T be sure, but I thought I detected a certain coolness toward me on the part of Clare Boothe Luce." That's our enterprising Washington editor, Virginia Gardner, talking. She'll tell you all about her recent interview with Madam Luce in our next issue. You'll like it. J. F.

new masses

established 1911

EDITORIAL BOARD:

STAFF: editor: JOSEPH NORTH. executive editor: A. B. MAGIL. managing editor: LLOYD L. BROWN. FREDERICK V. FIELD, JOHN STUART. washington editor: VIRGINIA GARDNER. art editor: CHARLES KELLER. assistant editors: JOSEPH FOSTER, CHARLES HUMBOLDT. ASSOCIATES: JAMES S. ALLEN, HERBERT APTHEKER, RICHARD O. BOYER, HOWARD FAST, WILLIAM GROPPER, V. J. JEROME, ALBERT E. KAHN.

editorial assistant: BETTY MILLARD.

business manager: PAUL KAYE. field director: DORETTA TARMON.

promotion manager: BEATRICE SISKIND.

advertising manager: GERTRUDE CHASE.

circulation manager: CARMELA WEINSTEIN.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: LOUIS ARAGON • NATHAN AUSUBEL • LIONEL BERMAN • ALVAH BESSIE • W. E. B. DuBOIS R. PALME DUTT • PHILIP EVERGOOD • SENDER GARLIN • BARBARA GILES • ROBERT GWATHMEY • ROCKWELL KENT • ALFRED KREYMBORG • JOHN HOWARD LAWSON • MERIDEL LE SUEUR • VITO MARCANTONIO • LEWIS MERRILL • PABLO NERUDA • ANTON REFREGIER • PAUL ROBESON • HOWARD SELSAM • ISIDOR SCHNEIDER • SAMUEL SILLEN • JAMES TURNBULL • CHARLES WHITE • DOXEY WILKERSON.

Cover drawing by Martyl

Making of an American Richard O. Boyer . . . 3

A Musician's War Diary Marc Blitzstein 6

I Saw a Man: a poem Lewis Allan 8

Portside Patter Bill Richards 9

Judas: a prologue Isidor Schneider 10

Gropper's Cartoon 13

For the Insulted and Injured: a poem Thomas McGrath 14

Blood Money: an editorial Milton Blau 15

Schlesinger: Luce Liberal John Stuart 16

How to Make a Crime Wave Arnold Braithwaite 19

Mail Call 22

Book Reviews 23

Films of the Week Thomas McGrath 28

Records S. Finkelstein 30

The Clearing House Ruth Starr 31

Two weeks' notice is requested for change of address. Notification sent to NEW MASSES rather than the Post Office will give the best results. Vol. LX, No. 8. Published weekly by THE NEW MASSES, INC., 104 E. 9th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Copyright 1946, THE NEW MASSES, INC. Reg. U. S. Patent Office.

Washington Office, 802 F St. NW, Room 28. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter, June 23, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies 15 cents. Subscriptions $6.00 a year in U. S. and Possessions and Mexico; six months $3.50; three months $2.00. Foreign, $7.00 a year; six months $4.00; three months, $2.25. In Canada $6.50 a year, $4.00 for six months, U. S. money; single copies in Canada 20 cents Canadian money. NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAKING OF AN AMERICAN

***From George Washington to John Peter Altgeld. A discussion of the work of Howard Fast and his new book* THE AMERICAN, A Middle Western Legend**

By RICHARD O. BOYER

It is sometimes said that Howard Fast is not a writer's writer. I believe this to be true. He is a people's writer. His novels have always been fair game for the erudite and esoteric. But the people buy them, read them, find courage from them. His seven novels, taken together, run the gamut of American history, reaching from the American Revolution to the rise of monopoly at the turn of the century. They are generous, brave books and the selection of subject in every case is almost as much an act of creation as is the actual writing of them. His novels, for the most part, move in a swift, straight line and while some may lament the simplicity of their architecture, the public loves them for their strong sense of story. Others might wish that Fast would use a fuller canvas, that he would not sacrifice the contradictory complexity of life to the monolithic demands of his design, but the American people love his books for the intensity with which they flow toward their destined end without detour and without superfluity.

It is easy enough to say, for example, that *Citizen Tom Paine* is not a novel but fictionalized biography. Yet in saying it one may miss a more relevant point—that thousands of Americans learned from it that a professional revolutionary is not of necessity a crazed zealot but is often a benefactor of humanity. It is easy enough to be critically glib and forget that Fast is one of the few American writers who can bring tears to one's eyes. It is not difficult to report that *Freedom Road* lacks dimension and fullness and forget that it was a major event to the American Negro people. One can diagnose *The Unvanquished* as an episode, a long short story rather than a novel, and ignore the fact that it gave countless Americans sustenance for the battles before them. (There is little that even the most captious can say about *The Last Frontier* save that it is a small masterpiece.) Similarly with Fast's latest novel,* one can indulge in conventional critical chit-chat to the degree of forgetting that here is one of the few American novels that in a very real if restricted sense has socialism as its subject.

In this work, it seems to me, Fast demonstrates that he is still a developing, growing writer with sound work behind him and better work before him. This latest novel, more ambitious in concept than any of its predecessors, is not only a long step forward but indicates a progression as yet unfulfilled. Before discussing the book I would like, if I may, to discuss Fast himself because he seems to me, despite shortcomings, the most important American writer practicing today. At present he is a successful writer. In the future he may be a great one.

His importance derives, I believe, from the fact that he makes no separation between his writing and his actions. They are one. There is a fecund unity between what he writes and what he is. He writes of those who risk their private welfare for their country's good and he does so himself. I refer, of course, to his espousal of Marxist principles in the belief they are necessary for the safety of his country and the

Howard Fast—a pen sketch by Orban.

* THE AMERICAN, *A Middle Western Legend, by Howard Fast. Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* $3.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well-being of the world. In doing so he risks losing a kind of success, the conventional success he now possesses which is as great as that enjoyed by any of the younger American writers. But he also risks gaining greatness. In advocating Marxism he risks losing the superlatives so lavishly bestowed in the past by conventional critics, but he gains the immense privilege of being grounded in that reality which is the only source of growth. He jeopardizes monetary reward, perhaps, but he gains a foundation for constant development as a person and as a writer—and the latter is not possible without the first.

IT WAS George Bernard Shaw who said that Marx made a man of him. It was Henry Thoreau who believed brave writing inseparable from brave living and who went to jail rather than support a war he believed unjust. Whitman, Emerson, Whittier and Bryant believed that smallness in living made for smallness in art and all four, on occasion, took stands which jeopardized their physical safety. The peculiar insistence, still current in some circles, on the separation of what a man does from what he writes, of what a man is from what he does, of thought from action, of writing from social responsibility is a latter-day development. It is the refuge of those who find the world too much with them.

If American letters are now for the most part vapid and inane it may have some connection with the fact that American writers to a large degree have tamely retreated into the safety of acquiesence to the dullest editorial platitudes. *Walden* was written by a man who totally rejected the current values of American life. And Whittier faced hostile mobs and all the wrath of society's power. But today there is not much questioning about or if there is it is within the framework of *Times* editorials. Not only does the average writer reek with a timid orthodoxy, but he often feels that a vague benevolence or a bovine belief in evolutionary progress is his sufficient contribution to solution of the world's plight.

Howard Fast, on the contrary, works daily to achieve that world for which most of us merely yearn. He does not yearn for bleeding Spain. He works for it with the result that he now faces indictment and a possible prison sentence for contempt of the Rankin Committee. In doing so he acts, of course, within the great American tradition, honored by current writers more in the breach than in the observance. In Fast's case the writer and the citizen are one. He is not brave in the study and a poltroon upon the street. Perhaps he writes generously because he lives generously. Perhaps he writes with passion because he lives with passion. If people like his work, it may be because he likes people. He can be found on the picket lines in Chicago's stock yards, before Pittsburgh's steel mills, in New Jersey factory towns. His voice has been raised from many a soapbox on many a street corner. He has climbed the stairways of countless tenements, canvassing in elections, talking to people, learning from people. It was this interest in people and their age-long dream of a world without war and without poverty that drew him to Marxism with its basic tenet that only the people working together for the welfare of all and not the profit of the few can solve the world's problems. Such a world view does not always make for popularity. But if it is true, a writer eschews it at his own peril. Fast has risked the loss of safety for the privilege of growth. It is a good trade.

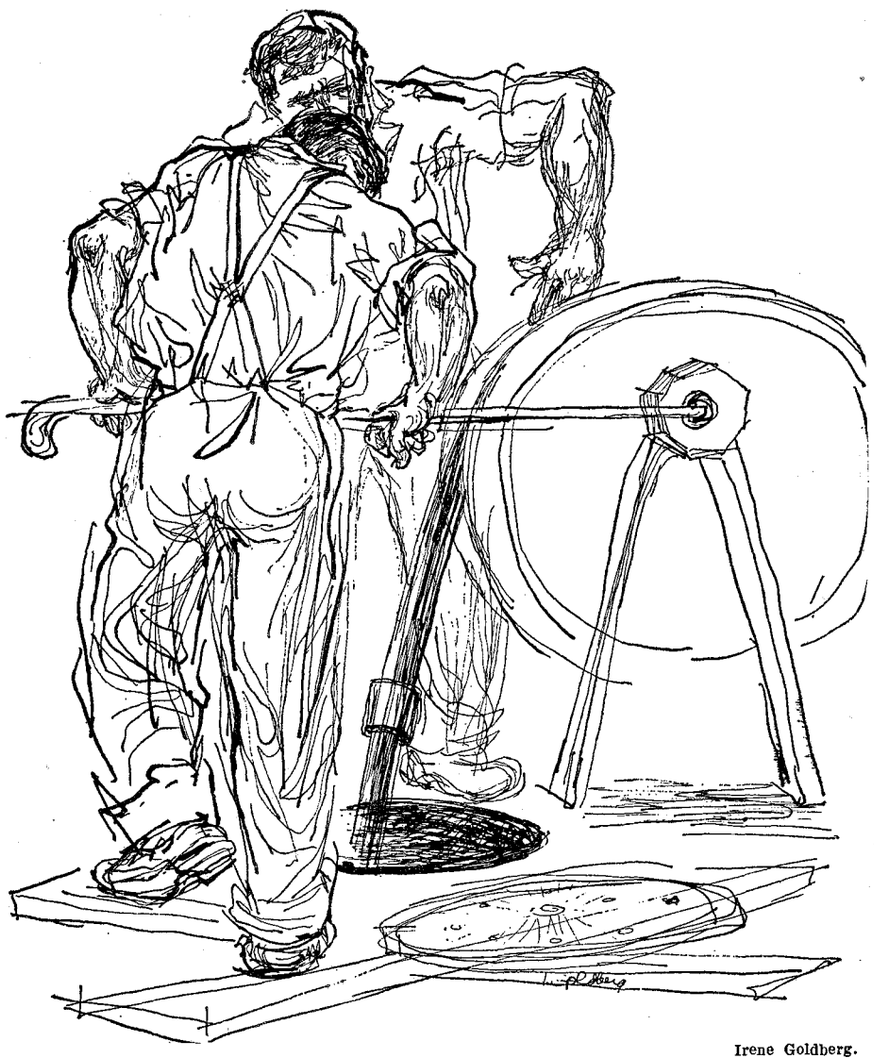
THE American Communist movement is under a peculiar obligation to Fast. He has indicated the accents in which it must appeal to the American people. He has pointed to Jefferson and Paine, to the Abolitionists and Lincoln whose words contained that beat and rhythm that sometimes seems almost indigenous to the American people. The thoughts of France are expressed with so radiant a clarity that its language takes on the attribute of a distinctive national characteristic. And the French Communists have made that bright clarity their own. The thoughts of America, rooted deep in people's struggles which began in colonial times and continue still, have also their own idiom, one intertwined with American characteristics and aspirations. Fast writes in it. But the problem of progress is, of course, more than a matter of speech. Fast has indicated that long heritage of American radicalism which must be more thoroughly assimilated into the American Communist Party before its Marxist appeal can gain the acceptance it deserves. When Debs spoke he spoke as a socialist, but his words smacked not of European polemics but of the American earth. In *The American* Fast writes of that mass movement of native radicals of the eighties and nineties and their speech and manner is suggested by the woman who advised Iowa farmers "to raise less corn and more hell." Fast has played his part in distilling the essence of the American spirit, helping American Communists to strive to be as distinctly American as the French Party is completely French.

I have spoken of Fast's selection of subject as an important creative act. It seems to me that his selection of subject also indicates his development as a Marxist, a writer, and a human being. His first books were generous and eloquent and although they fought for the underdog, that underdog had passed to the dust so long ago that even reactionaries could read of his struggles with peaceful enjoyment. When Fast became a Marxist, his artistic and political conscience forced him to themes that were of necessity more disputatious. This is but another way of saying that Marxism forced him to growth; that his activities as a man stimulated his progress as a writer. His current book plunges headlong into the subject of socialism in America. Some 700,000 Americans will read it since it is the August selection of the Literary Guild. But the tone of some critics indicates that Fast has arrived at a crisis in his career that is not entirely unconnected with the fact that he believes socialism the system of the future.

"THE AMERICAN" is the story of a brave man, but it is also the story of a time. It is the story of John Peter Altgeld of the slight, stooped body, the chalk-white face and the tortured blue eyes; and it is the story of the American people in the eighties and the nineties before they had been partly drugged and stultified by the siren song of "Private Enterprise," before their thinking had tended to become the automatic reflex of the National Association of Manufacturers. It is the story of Altgeld's pardon of the three surviving Haymarket martyrs when he was governor of Illinois, and of the storm that beat upon him as the result, and it is the story of a great crusade when farmers and workingmen backed Bryan in a futile effort to stem the tide of super-monopoly. In it is compressed the essential struggle of our country—whether it shall be run by monopoly for the sake of the rich or by the people for the benefit of all—and its manifold currents swirl about the gallant form of Altgeld.

He saw the power of monopoly pyramid to a colossus that ran the na-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Irene Goldberg.

tion and although he fought the development as the antithesis of the American dream, he fought it in terms of reform rather than of basic change. The novel's ideological climax arrives when Altgeld is told by Eugene Debs that the nation cannot be made free by patching and reforming a system designed for profit, but only by replacing it with a system which makes the welfare of all rather than the profit of the few its basic, animating principle.

The American is as real as today's picket line. It has the clash and surge of battle. It has a reality as bitter and desperate as that felt by hunted Georgia Negroes. It has all the heartbreak suffered by those who give their last ounce of strength in a battle for the people and are apparently defeated. The character of Lucy Parsons, the widow of the martyred Albert Parsons, who fought on almost half a century after her husband's hanging, is deeply moving and extremely well done. Parsons himself is a character of which any writer could be proud. The description of the funeral of the hanged men is controlled and eloquent. Through the novel's pages flow vast national currents and yet their flow is always channeled through the hopes and fears of individual people. Implicit in its lines are great vistas of history, yet the novel never descends to exposition and always proceeds through narrative. This is not to say that the novel does not have weaknesses. It does have them, but I prefer to celebrate first. The book is thoroughly Marxist in spirit, reflecting in every line the struggle and change that is the basic law of life.

It is this spirit, if not mastery of Marxism, which gives *The American* its essential truthfulness. The thesis of Fast's book is that reform, even when pursued by the bravest and most able, cannot cure humanity of the ills that beset it under capitalism. This thesis has been attacked by such reviewers as Orville Prescott of the New York *Times*. Yet surely not even he would deny that the world under capitalism still faces now, as it did before Altgeld's fight, the menace of war, poverty and depression, the triple offspring of monopoly. Monopoly is still here, incredibly strengthened since Altgeld's day. As purses and dollars shrink, orthodox economists speak of the likelihood of a new depression. As scientists contrive ever newer ways of mass destruction, students still predict another war and perhaps extinction for mankind. Capitalism, save for one-sixth of the earth, is still a world system, yet under it most of mankind is faced with starvation. It cannot even feed the majority of humankind. The question is: Has reform in fact solved the urgent ills that confront us or do they still threaten? If they do still threaten, Prescott is wrong and Fast is right.

Prescott and others have complained that since Fast is a Marxist he is a special pleader. They have said that since he gives a Marxist interpretation of events he cannot give a true one. They charge that Marxism results in simplification. This is old wives' stuff, the verbiage of those who do not know and who fear knowing what Marxism is. If they understood it they might have to change or they might have to act, and they fear both as they fear death. The very essence of Marxism is the consideration and study of *every* factor—pleasant, unpleasant, negative, positive, old, new, favorable, unfavorable—in a given situation. The crux of dialectical materialism, the philosophy upon which Marxism is based, is the study of opposites: the realization that in every affirmative there is a negative; that in everything there is an essential contradiction; that one quality can change into another or, under certain conditions, into its opposite; that every problem has to be studied with reference to its own specific, peculiar content; that nothing stands alone, that everything is related and that perhaps the only generality that is true states that motion, movement and change are constant. Such a system of thought can never make for simplification. Rather the problem for the Marxist writer is to find coherent patterns, containing the selectivity and universality of art, and yet broad enough to include the many-sided, moving, contradictory world that he sees as a Marxist. But even when he succeeds in this difficult task he will not please Mr. Prescott. For part of the truth includes the class

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

struggle and the failure of capitalism and Mr. Prescott can scarcely praise truth without reserve.

THE Marxist critic in appraising a novel begins by asking the basic question: "Is it true?" Since Marxism is based on fact a book that departs from truth departs from Marxism. The Marxist in judging a novel asks, "Are the characters real human beings or do they express only the desires and the plan of the author? Do the characters also suggest the spirit of the time and place? Are they presented against a background that shows the contending forces of society?" Fast himself, I am sure, would say that where his novel is most successful he is most the Marxist, and where it tends to over-simplication he is least one. I believe, too, that Fast, generally speaking—although least of all in *The American*—is somewhat inclined to forward the motion of his stories by denuding his characters of fullness. This sometimes detracts from that force of history which impels certain men to certain acts. While Marxists are the last to absolve individuals of responsibility for their acts, they are also the last to believe that individuals move in a vacuum of absolute free will. It is not only possible but probable that fascists and slaveholders, for example, will be kind to their wives and children, and it is this essential contradiction which makes for reality and tragic reality. I believe that Marxists are under a peculiar compulsion to achieve that fusion in which reactionary characters are presented with a vision that includes their essential humanity while portraying the emptiness and selfishness that eats at their own lives and ruins the lives of others.

It goes without saying that he who is a villain because of choice is almost a theological creation.

Since, in *The American*, the titan of finance is ever behind the scenes as he is ever behind the scenes of our country, I would have liked to see him emerge in Fast's pages as a full-blown character. Since the fight against monopoly was the core of Altgeld's career, and since Americans are still fighting it, I would have enjoyed more about this part of Altgeld's life. In short, Altgeld's life and times include so much of America and Americans that I would have liked to see a novel on a grand scale. I believe the subject deserved a broader canvas. I feel, too, that Fast attempted a novel of greater scope than any he has heretofore written, but that his past habits of work, his older habits of construction, returned now and again, making him revert to the simplicity of structure that is his trade mark. Thus, even when attempting greater proportions, the book fumbles now and again and compresses or eliminates that which should have been the fully drawn part of a grand design.

All of this, however, is perhaps beside the point. To ask a writer who has attained eminent success through simplicity of design and eloquence of writing to broaden his method is perhaps an impertinence. I risk it because I believe Fast is potentially a great writer. I believe he is destined to write novels in the great classic tradition with all the fullness and variation of life itself. And I also believe that we Marxists must give our writers two things—admiration and criticism. Fast has had—and has—the first in fullest degree. But we have the audacity—and the confidence—to ask that he proceed from success to greatness.

A MUSICIAN'S WAR DIARY

Music was also a weapon, and a way to reach the Underground fighters in Europe. A mission to Paris to record the songs of the Resistance

By MARC BLITZSTEIN

Illustrated by Jack Levine

In the first installment of this series published last week Mr. Blitzstein told of his enlistment into the 8th Air Force and his trip across to England where he was commissioned to write a symphony on flight. The third and concluding installment will appear next week.

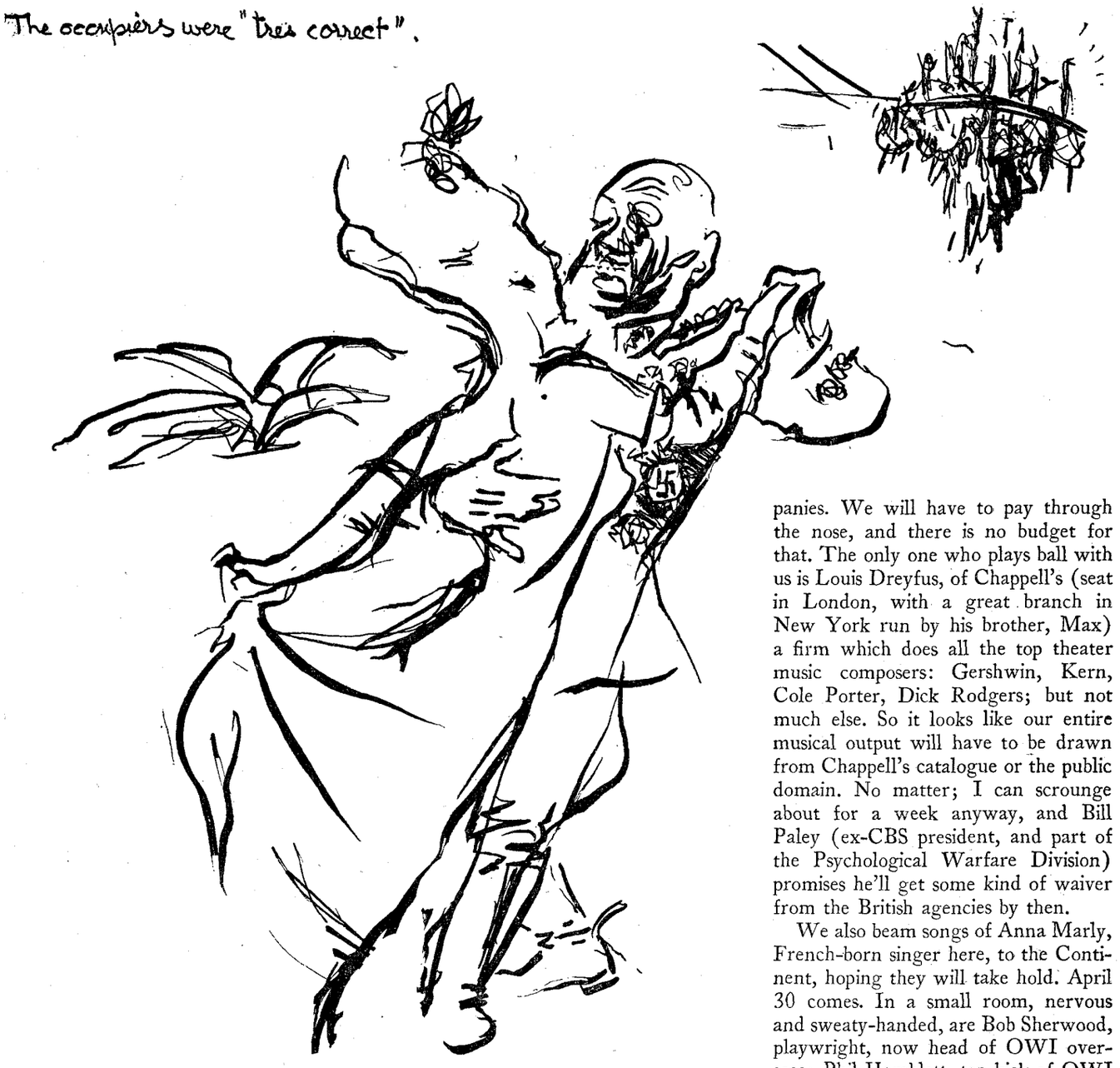
January 1944:

I AM just about to swing into the hard part of the orchestration of the *Airborne*, when I am called to Jock Whitney's office. It seems a new deal has been called; he and Tex McCrary are going with Gen. Eaker down to Italy, to form the Mediterranean Air Force. I am not to join them; in order to finish the symphony what do I think of joining the OWI, on detached service, as a sort of "Musical Director?" The idea seems all right, until I have an appointment with Brewster Morgan, pro tem head of the radio division of OWI. Real work is apparently going to be needed of me; first I am to select 1,000 records for a library, etc. I had better forget the *Airborne* for awhile.

There is an excitement about the whole OWI office; nothing is said, but lots is under way. It soon comes out: ABSIE, the American Broadcasting Station in Europe, is being formed to beam programs, instructions, music, propaganda, etc., to the occupied peoples of Europe in their own languages: French, Dutch, Danish, Norwegian and German. Heads of each department have arrived from New York, Pierre Lazareff for France, and so on.

This is all "top secret" and hush-hush; only a couple of people know where the station will be (obviously in London somewhere—it is being built and equipped as of this moment). And of course, common sense deduces it is a pre-invasion station, which will go on before, during and after a second front. So that's really in the cards! And my little "hideaway," "in order to finish the symphony," has become a veritable arena with more work for me than twenty-four hours a day can possibly take care of. But I'm agog and stimulated: this is a chance I would have grabbed at even as a civilian.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



While waiting for that Great Day (the invasion, later known as "Operation Overlord"), we devise some tricky ways of reaching the Underground. For example, we take a Benny Goodman record of, say, *The Man I Love*, play the first chorus, then switch to a live room where Fritzi Shadl (become Fritzi Marlene for Austrian consumption, so that there will be no Nazi reprisals upon her family in Vienna), sings a German translation of the lyrics which our German department has prepared, accompanied by a rhythm section; one chorus of that, then back to the Goodman record for the finish. All this so artfully transitioned, that listening to a playback, you wouldn't know where one began and the other finished. In this way we want the Underground to feel that Benny (and all of us) have performed directly for them.

We have carte-blanche from every musical agency conceivable in the States to do what we like in terms of the war effort, so that there is no fear of copyright infringements. We practice the station's daily routine for a full month, all dummy programs not reaching anyone but ourselves.

Then finally we open, April 30, 1944. On the day before, sudden catastrophe for the Music Department: although we have a green light from the American music business, there is no such generosity from the British agencies of the American music companies. We will have to pay through the nose, and there is no budget for that. The only one who plays ball with us is Louis Dreyfus, of Chappell's (seat in London, with a great branch in New York run by his brother, Max) a firm which does all the top theater music composers: Gershwin, Kern, Cole Porter, Dick Rodgers; but not much else. So it looks like our entire musical output will have to be drawn from Chappell's catalogue or the public domain. No matter; I can scrounge about for a week anyway, and Bill Paley (ex-CBS president, and part of the Psychological Warfare Division) promises he'll get some kind of waiver from the British agencies by then.

We also beam songs of Anna Marly, French-born singer here, to the Continent, hoping they will take hold. April 30 comes. In a small room, nervous and sweaty-handed, are Bob Sherwood, playwright, now head of OWI overseas; Phil Hamblett, top-kick of OWI for London; Bill Weber, OWI's general manager; Davidson Taylor, vice-president of CBS; George Backer, ex-owner of the New York *Post;* Bill Paley, and myself. (I am the only one in uniform; by now a buck sergeant—oh, I progress.) The first sound from ABSIE to the occupied peoples of Europe is a banjo—I have used part of the Kostelanetz *Stephen Foster Album.* Then, after station identification, the Toscanini version of Beethoven's Seventh (the Fifth, I have decided, is too corny for this moment). The face of everyone beams; the transmission is excellent, there is just the right combination of serious and communicative tone. . . .

D-Day! and for a week we have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been alternating our regular programs with instructions from SHAEF in five languages regarding the clearing of the Channel of all fishing, etc. Now intense excitement prevails; music has become *very* incidental. Every afternoon the heads of departments gather together, where briefing of our line on the last day's military situation is explored in detail, prognostications, etc. Since I'm not combat material this is about as close as I'll get to the actual war.

August 1944:

GAR KANIN, Hollywood director, now captain in OSS, has arrived in London on a special mission. He phoned me—urgent. He is to do the big SHAEF film together with Carol Reed, the British film director, and wants me for the music. Will I? Will I not, indeed! This will be *the* film of the war; it will actually follow the invasion as it happens, with a lag of about four weeks for us to collate film and coordinate it. A staff of American and British cutters will be at work in Pinewood, the most efficient of the English studios, at Denham. There will be regular meetings of all the SHAEF military experts to see and advise; Eisenhower will personally take responsibility. For the moment, the project is called the Anglo-American Film Project (later, when the film was completed, the title *The True Glory* was decided upon).

This means another setback for the *Airborne*, but I am content. Any performance of the symphony is now out of the question anyway, here in London. D-Day has made it impossible to use a GI chorus, and I'm damned if I'll have a British chorus, with their special flossy pronunciations saying my American-colloquial text. Imagine "Don't let this threaow you" (one of the lines in the first movement)! I have my office in 27 Grosvenor Square, seat of SHAEF; officers and men from other divisions stand goggle-eyed as a piano and a movieola are carried in.

I begin work. The trick of this particular film, which will distinguish it from other documentaries, is that the narration will be delivered by the men who fought the war themselves; the visual material will be actual, of the war, taken on the spot, and the sound track will be a Scottish pilot, an American Negro truck driver, a French officer, a Red Cross nurse, etc., telling it. Guy Trosper has charge of the continuity, really a wonder at the right feel for the film. He and I get along famously; he keeps insisting, with no fear of upper-class officer types, on the down-to-earth character this thing must have.

October 1944:

PARIS has fallen. It is decided that for all the French part of the invasion war (and as yet there is no other) I shall go to France to do musical research on the music of the Resistance: what they sang or played while under the occupation. I leave October 30 together with Claude Dauphin, captain of the French Le-Clerc Division (he was in on the invasion) and celebrated Parisian actor, who did a noble and selfless job outside his country during the 1940-44 years. He is to do research on anecdotes and get film footage secretly taken there.

November 1, 1944:

PARIS looks the same, is a whole lot different from the Paris I remember of 1927, 29, 32, 34. A large part of the population has undoubtedly been corrupted by the Nazis who did a very successful job of making the city its show-window. They subsidized all the luxury trades: liquor, cosmetics, clothes, furs, perfumes—so that a little midinette, sewing that wonderful hand-done stitching, found herself at best a passive collaborator if she wanted to keep her job. And the people I talk to say, with pursed lips, that the treatment accorded them by the occupiers was "*tres correct.*"

I have brought from London a tin of condensed milk for the sick relative of a Frenchman stationed in England, and some money for the mother of another. This second one turns out to be a horrible blow all around. I find her in the Jockey Club on the Champs Elysses. I expect she will be a maid

(although I'm surprised that anything as old-style deluxe as the Jockey Club should be open at all at this time). But no, she appears, wonderfully gowned, rising from a bridge table where there are cards, drinks, delicacies. She speaks a better English than I do; and from her conversation, I see that she and her tragically ridiculous little crowd are "sitting this one out"—waiting until the new Americans and British start allowing them the same black market privileges the Nazis did.

Dauphin, who drove me to the Club in his French Army Mat-Ford, refuses even to enter the place with me and sits at the wheel, snorting appreciatively at my description of the place and the dame. Then he spits—that fine, slow-motion Parisian spit that has such meaning.

Later, still Paris:

THERE are lots of good people here who are for the moment remaining under cover. I have lunch with Roger Desormieres, the famous conductor. He founded the underground resistance movement for musicians in 1941, right under the Nazi noses, and is able to tell me what I want to know about the behavior of the French composers and musicians during the occupation. He is a fine guy, who did a superb and neck-risking job all through. He cites Manuel Rosenthal, Elsa Barraine, as

•

I Saw A Man

I saw a man without a leg
And when I turned to stare
He said to me, "The other one
Is buried Over There."

I saw a man without an arm
And when he caught my glance,
He turned and said, "A souvenir,
I left behind in France."

I saw a man without an eye
He winked his one at me
And said, "I gave the mate of this
To save Democracy."

I saw a man without a heart
His hands were soft and clean
He said, "I made my little pile
In Nineteen Seventeen."

LEWIS ALLAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

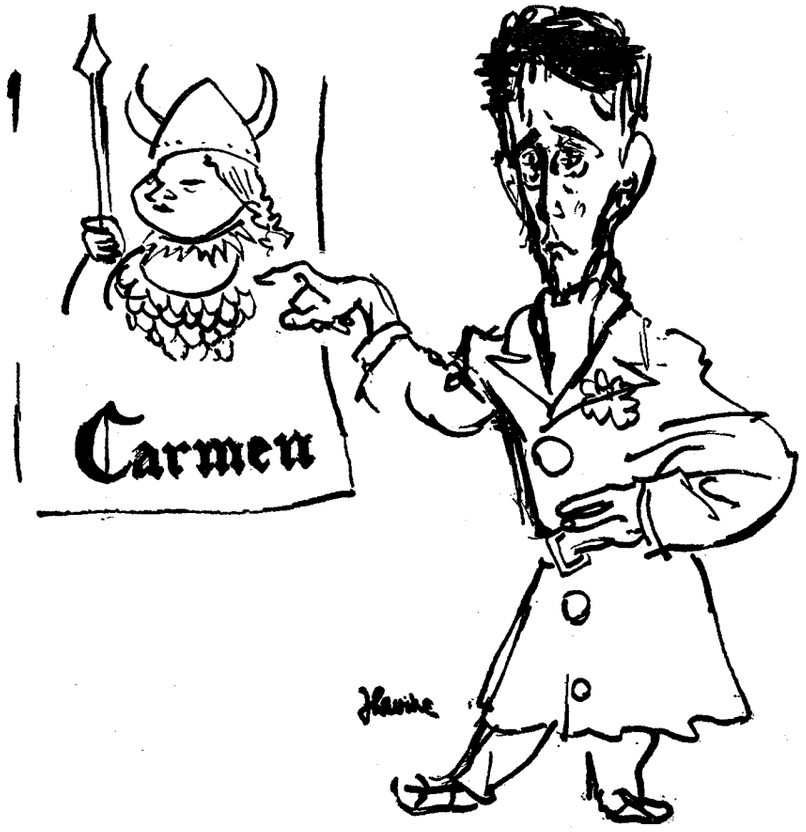
particularly courageous composers; makes a wry face at the names of the hostess and Prix-de-Rome winners at a house where I spent an evening at the invitation of, of all things, the OWI itself. (I hated it, the sumptuousness of the Avenue Montaigne apartment, the coal in the fireplace, the elegant dames and food-and-drink layout.)

Still Paris, picking up supplies for the trip:

I HAVE tea with Jean Cocteau, the poet. He looks elegant and ill, wearing a camel's hair coat and a yellow silk neckerchief. His manner is paternal; he puts his hand on my shoulder and asks my mission here. When I explain it is to find Resistance music, he shakes his head mournfully, puts a forefinger to his mouth, says: "But it was a silent movement, my dear; you will find no music." Learning that I am part of the "cultural" United States, he is eager to show me a couple of his films at a private showing; in some way he has gotten the impression that I might be instrumental in effecting an American sale.

I see one of them, a version of *Carmen,* made in Italy (already there is an odor about that), with Viviane Romance and Jean Marais (who is big and blonde like a Hollywood god, but with a strangely incongruous whining little voice). The film is neither good nor bad. Romance, a really top-form slut type, now plays Carmen, the real slut, as though she were a milliner. It is the music track which interests me; all out of Bizet's *Carmen,* so abjectly obedient that the arranger has accompanied certain sequences with simple oom-pahs from the "Toreador" song, four bars repeated again and again. I am impressed. At least this musician knows he's no Bizet and doesn't tamper with or imitate the original. That is up until the climax; suddenly, out of nowhere, the music breaks into the big love-death motif from Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*—then back to Bizet again for the finish!

The lights go on in the private theater. The producer waits my verdict. "What was Wagner doing there?" I ask. He expostulates, says it was an accident. Then: "Do you think this might hinder a sale in America?" I answer: "If I have anything to do with it, it certainly will." Obviously, the thing is a sickening demonstration of a sop to the Nazi Ministry of Propaganda which they expected to be their public. The Allies just got in too soon.



portside patter

by BILL RICHARDS

The 79th Congress adjourned without passing the Wagner-Taft-Ellender Housing Bill. The neglect is probably a hangover from their general aversion to ceilings of any kind.

•

Secretary Byrnes has declared that nations "must hang together or they will hang separately." This should answer those of his critics who claim that Byrnes doesn't give a hang about world peace.

•

The newspapers claim that the Morgan estate is being ruined by members of the Soviet Purchasing Commission. No doubt the windows are being marred by iron curtains.

•

Andrew J. Higgins, the ship builder, has now been mentioned in the fraud inquiries along with Congressman May and others. Higgins probably doesn't mind the investigation as much as he does finding himself in someone else's boat.

•

The Senate Investigating Committee didn't have much luck in their effort to provide a novel touch. They tried to discover something that would keep Coffee awake at night.

•

There is talk that General De Gaulle will head a tri-party government. His supporters fear a situation wherein all De Gaulle is divided into three parts.

•

The US Ambassador to Belgrade is taking along a tommy-gun as a gift. The weapon is to be merely handed to Marshall Tito which represents somewhat of an improvement in American diplomacy.

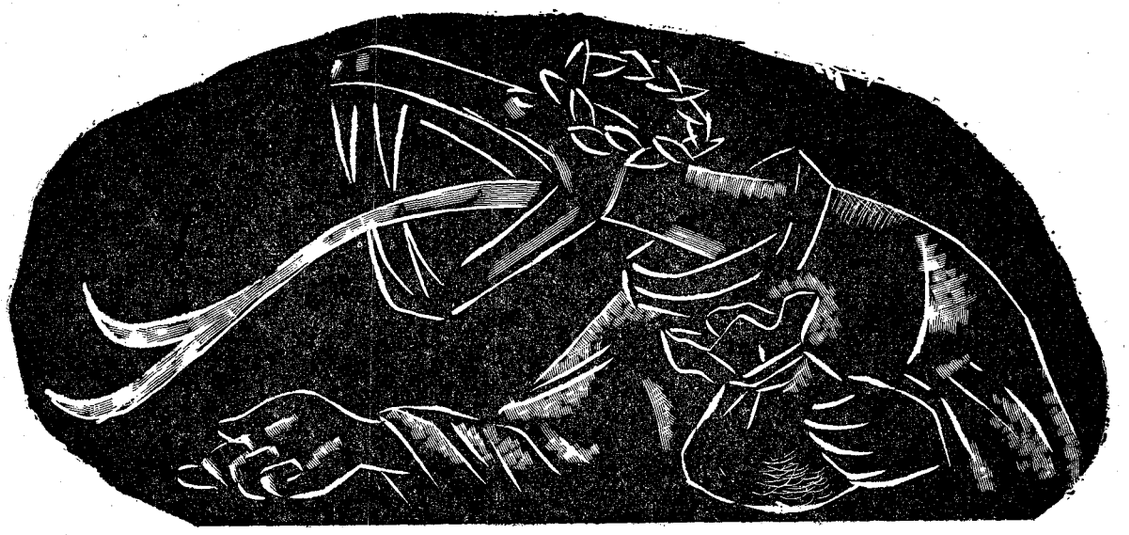
•

Howard Hughes' production, *The Outlaw,* continues to have censor trouble. It has been suggested that he sell it to the newsreel theaters as the Second Battle of the Bulge.

•

Friends of the administration are afraid that the present reactionary trend may mean defeat in 1948. It seems that Truman would rather be Right than President.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



JUDAS, *A Prologue*

". . . this should not seem strange in Rome where even Senators turn in perplexity of soul to sages no wiser, probably, than this Joshua."

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Illustrated by Irving Amen

Then Judas which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they said What is that to us? See thou to that. And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple and departed and went and hanged himself.

MATTHEW, 27

Now this man purchased a field with the reward of iniquity and falling headlong he bursed asunder in the midst and his bowels gushed out.

ACTS, 1

A third version of the fate of Judas is contained in a long letter from a young Roman official on the staff of Pontius Pilate, in Jerusalem. A condensation of this letter is given below. In it the name Joshua is used instead of Jesus, which is the Hellenized form.

●

I HAVE met here one who, for a Jew, is a civilized man. He is called Judas and he comes from a little village with a name that will be hard on your bland Latin tongue—Keriyoth. Do not be surprised that my civil man is a villager. In this contradictory land such are more apt to be met with in a village than in the capital.

My Jewish friend is the hero of the hour. It was he who snared the agitator Joshua into the hands of the Jerusalem priests. Perhaps the name Joshua is not unfamiliar to you. The tumult he raised was such that the news of it may have spread to Rome.

What ironies ever go with us! We yearn to walk in strange lands and observe strange customs. Yet, abroad, our sharpest pleasures come when we meet with the familiar. If I love this Judas it is because his sensitive and subtle intelligence brings me recollections, dear friend, of you.

Judas was a follower of the agitator, Joshua. But this should not seem strange in Rome where even senators, in perplexity of soul, turn to Greek sophists, Egyptian mystics, Persian Magi and other sages no wiser, probably, than this Joshua.

To their relationship Judas brought the deceiving humility of the intellectual which Joshua mistook for faith. And Joshua, speaking with the immense assurance of the ignoramus, dazzled the hesitant Judas.

But before going on I should sketch in a setting—not that I expect to help you to more than the vaguest notion of the affair. It would be easier for a man who has never had pepper on his tongue, to conceive it from a description.

The Jews believe there is but the one Jewish God; and that He has chosen them for His special care. Considering their condition it would rather appear that He had abandoned them and chosen us, since it is we who have the empire over them. But that would be logic which is offensive to the Jewish mind.

They have their own explanation which they believe in as a beaten dog believes in the stick. They consider their lot God's punishment for their sins, He having chosen them to be perfect, not happy.

However, on a certain day on their calendar of wonders, their sufferings are appointed to come to an end. Toward that hallucination they press as you or I would hurry to an assignation with a passionate woman. They look then for a savior to appear. (The meaning of the name Joshua is savior.)

They say this savior whom they also call Messiah, or "the Anointed," will turn the world into a Jewish Elysium which, I can assure you, we would hardly find to our taste. Whether others than Jews will be admitted is doubtful. Jewish history has its Carthages, so it may be assumed that part of the charm of their Elysium is that the other nations will have been exterminated.

You see the danger there can be in a shaggy Jewish prophet, especially one named Savior. The Tetrarch, Herod, whose province is north of us and who is himself a Jew, had such a prophet to deal with and found it expedient to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cut off his head. Ours was more dangerous. Even Herod's prophet deferred to him.

I will set down for you some of the claims of this Jewish Spartacus. Item one: he was the Son of Man, that is of all humanity, not of a single father. His actual father must have died or he would have broken the son's head for such a slander on the mother. Item two: he is a descendant of David, one of the bigger of the former Jewish kinglets. This should follow from the first for, if all mankind participated in his conception, some drops of the Davidian blood must be in the mixture. Item three: he is the Son of God!

You will cry out that for any one of these he should have been confined as a dangerous lunatic. But this is Jerusalem, not Rome. And the seeming lunacy makes Jewish sense—if you know their traditions. For this genealogy also, like the name, signifies *savior*.

LOOKING back on it I have nothing but admiration for the way Pilate handled the matter. A squad of our troops could have rounded up the agitator and his company and had them caged up all in an afternoon. But nothing so infuriates this people as an intervention in their complicated, twenty-four-hours-a-day religion.

As it happened the affair took place in the days preceding their festival week that they call the Passover from some ancient tradition of escaping their enemies by walking across a sea. For that festival every Jew who has a beast to ride on crowds into the city. A Roman arrest, at such a time, might have set off an explosion. Of course we could have handled that too but at more trouble than this miserable little province is worth, with its cartful of mangy wool, its jar of coarse olive oil, its barrel of flat wine and its mob of religious maniacs who wouldn't fetch the price of hunchbacks in the slave market.

Pilate expressed his sympathy for the elders and priests but held them responsible for keeping order. Even after they caught and condemned Joshua and turned him over to us for execution, Pilate pretended to be loath to judge one of their prophets; and because Joshua was a native of a district under Herod, sent him to Herod. That prudent Jew, too cautious to execute a prisoner referable to the Roman authority, returned him to us.

It is the Jewish custom at this festival to give a condemned prisoner his freedom. Pilate offered amnesty to Joshua, but the Jews demanded it for another. Thus Pilate so managed it that the execution of Joshua appeared forced on him.

There is one last thing to be noted about the Jews: hard as they are the touch of civilization has softened some. They have had contacts with the Greeks and now with us; and some find the light of a more civil world alluring.

Those who dare to turn their faces to it are called Hellenizers. It is among them that our little Roman colony here feels most comfortable. Also it is among them that Judas has entree. The priests and the elders deal with him as one who has hired himself to them; but the Hellenizers treat him as one of their own.

It was in the house of a Hellenizer that I met Judas. Our hostess said, "I have a surprise, Roman lords. The man is here who saved us from the savage Galilean." She clapped her hands and Judas came in wearing a garland.

If he were cleanshaven I think he would look like our Cicero. He has the same wide, placid mouth. He is gentle with everybody. It is said that he marked Joshua to the hunters by kissing him, and this is held against Judas. Yet, knowing him, I tell you that he loved Joshua even then and that the kiss was not false.

The man's candor was such that he shamed one who was with us, the self-important, cynical sort, of which there is one on every consular staff. He asked Judas for what reward he had sold Joshua.

Showing no anger Judas replied, "It is clear that you, Roman lord, do not consider the satisfaction of the conscience a reward. Neither do I. It is a compulsion. In such cases, you might say, the deed does itself.

"Many of the Elders of Jerusalem are merchants and the merchant mind is so strong in them that when I came to lead them to Joshua they asked, 'for how much?'

"I chose not to understand them. I said, 'Oh, not far. The garden is close by. I will point it out to you.'

"And after Joshua had been taken, like careful merchants who are anxious to make a reckoning and have their accounts in order, they asked me again what reward I wanted.

"I said, 'I am tired and have no desire but to sleep.' So they left me

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and when they were gone I quit the place for fear that one of their clerks would wait for me at the door, in the morning.

"They tracked me down. They sent an emissary to me who said that there would be no peace in their assemblies until the reward was settled and paid, therefore they demanded that I name the figure or say that I would accept what they decided on.

"And I replied with these words which I am glad to have you hear. Since there will be many tales about what will be called my 'reward' let the truth be one of them.

"I said, 'repeat to them that sent you. When Joshua preached in Keriyoth Judas owned fields and flocks. Joshua so stirred up Judas that he left all his possessions to go with Joshua. His whole inheritance he sold in haste so that he might leave at once. The price he received was thirty pieces of silver. This money he gave into the common fund on which lived all those who were with Joshua.

" 'Now if God does not deny him it is Judas' intention to return to Keriyoth and buy back a field of those that he sold, the field with his house on it. He who purchased it was in Jerusalem for the Passover and named his price. He demands his profit and asks for the one field and the house the thirty silver that he gave for the whole property. Judas will not haggle. If he finds the money he will pay the price, for his soul yearns to be restored to Keriyoth.

" 'The best teaching he had from Joshua,' says Judas, 'is to be confident in the charity of his fellow men. If Judas is given thirty silver he will accept it as an alms.'

"This was my answer. You may ask, 'why do you not accept it as a reward?' For my scruple may appear to you meaningless. However, I did not do what I did for a reward, but for its own sake. And I would have done it had thirty times thirty pieces of silver been offered me to do otherwise.

"Roman, lord, is my answer clear? And if I am given not thirty pieces of silver but a crust of bread as my alms what I did will not be lessened or increased."

OUR cynic was silenced. Another asked Judas, had there been any enmity between him and Joshua?

Judas replied: "In the company of Joshua and the other disciples I came as an outsider. I, alone, was not a Galilean. Yet Joshua never spoke to me as an outsider and never held me off and never spoke to the others apart from me. Into my hand he gave their common store. He showed me his love so plainly that the others grumbled, complaining that he preferred me above them.

"Nor did I ever have any enmity toward him. What I did was for his sake too; but above all for the sake of the good work he had done and was now undoing. My wish was to keep it from corruption.

"In Keriyoth Joshua preached the Kingdom of God that is within, that is built in the clearing one makes when he cleanses his soul. For its sake I followed him; and in it my mind had peace and I was happy.

"But after we left Keriyoth the fame of Joshua grew so that, wherever we went we drew a multitude. Men brought us offerings and women who were served in their own homes, came to serve us. The sick whom Joshua healed then were many and they told it to all and his fame was like hares coursing over the whole country.

"The praise yeasted in him. His way of talking to us changed. It was the way of a man whose soul is bloated with pride. I was alone in grieving over the change. The others became even more swollen. It intoxicated them that a man from little Galilee had become great. They urged him to proclaim himself king. They were like men who have shares in a perishable cargo and press the captain of the ship to sail even in a storm.

"I grew uneasy in my soul. I feared especially the danger of entering Jerusalem when the city was full and there would be many who were Joshua's followers in the crowds. I feared that, encouraged by their hails and clamor, the Galileans would think themselves indeed a king and his captains. So I urged them, 'Let us wait till the Passover is done and the strangers are gone from the city; and then, in calm days, bring our message to the people of Jerusalem.'

"For saying this I was derided. The other apostles said: 'You are like a timorous bridegroom who fears to approach his bride. Jerusalem is decked as in marriage vestments for us. It is thus that Joshua should embrace his kingdom.'

"I looked for Joshua to reproach them but he turned his face from me.

"In Jerusalem what I feared came to pass. Wherever we appeared men gathered and followed us. In the Temple those who came with us were so many the whole nation seemed to be our men. This made the Galileans feel themselves the masters, and thus they comported themselves. They struck out with their staves and drove from the temple those who did not please them.

"And I thought, 'this, Judas, is the hour of decision. You have been betrayed. Leave them. This strutting and striking with staves is a dedication of a kingdom of earth, not of heaven. You that sought to be disciple to a prophet are now one of a band of adventurers.'

"And then I thought is it enough to leave them? Is it enough for one who wakes up and sees a fire in his house to run away and save his own life? Would not the lives of his sleeping neighbors who were burned be on his soul? Therefore I led the guards to Joshua.

"When he was taken the other Galileans scattered and hid themselves. Now I think they are disputing for the deepest place in a cave; but still bitter in my mind is the memory of their disputing who should sit on the right side of Joshua as if he were already crowned and ready to appoint a chamberlain."

We applauded Judas and I saw that even the cynical one clapped his hands.

I ASKED Judas: "How would you account for the change in Joshua, and his not understanding the danger?"

"There are men," he said, "who have instinct but not understanding and those who have understanding but not instinct. Instinct is the rarer gift and leads to greater triumphs—and disasters. Understanding is a lesser, but safer wisdom. Joshua had the first; I, perhaps, a little of the second.

"Instinct was the foundation of Joshua's power which first was a power for good. It gave him assurance when others were in doubt. I looked up to him who never doubted. I was like a child led by his hand.

"I watched him heal the sick. Many are sick out of fear lest they fall into the sickness that they fear. Or they fear something more and creep into the sickness, as a refuge.

"Joshua knew the sick out of fear, as if he read a mark on their faces,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

invisible to others. Out of the deep well of his certainty he brought them a strength which dispelled their fears and they were healed. That was his power.

"And as the healed multiplied and their awe filled the land Joshua began to feel his power. Nothing so corrupts as the sense of power. And particularly these Galileans, poor men of a poor and minor province, who lacked the understanding that might have saved them. Thus the mission on which I joined them changed."

I said, "It was Joshua, then, who betrayed you!"

"There was one more important whom he betrayed—himself," answered Judas.

"I have my own opinion of that," I said. "In any event your act was not a betrayal but an act of justice."

"It was more," said Judas, "it was an act of loyalty. It helped keep Joshua from finally betraying himself. This is not mere Oriental subtleties, Roman lord, it is simple truth."

"What is it that you kept him from betraying?" I asked.

"His most precious teaching, that one may use his life to build his kingdom of God. I have learned, now, that it is not built in another man's eye. In Keriyoth I will labor on my own as each man must. And when I die it will be built and ready for me."

I had other conversations with him before he left Jerusalem for Keriyoth, and I have visited him there. It is always a joy to be in touch with so sensitive and subtle a mind.

His house and his fields—there are more than one—are large. His affairs seem to be in prosperous condition for he has peasants and herdsmen. Even in this short time he seems to have mellowed still more. He is like those of our own cultivated men who leave the noise of Rome to live serenely on their estates.

This is the prologue to Mr. Schneider's novel, "The Judas Time," which will be published in the fall by Dial Press.

FOR THE INSULTED AND INJURED

By THOMAS McGRATH

Sheldon, North Dakota
Circa 1937 and 1942.

Migrations; massacres; enormous oppressions; departures;
The suppressed insurrection; the high formation of bombers
Destination unknown; the homes abandoned;
The trauma; the vision; exile and lamentation
(The art forms common to the death of a culture),
The delicate violence flares on the midnight brain.

We see, in the war-torn city, that reckless, gallant,
Handsome lieutenant turns to the wet-lipped blonde
(Our childhood fixation) for one sweet desperate kiss
In the broken room, in terrific Hollywood moonlight—
Bombers across that moon, and the bombs falling,
The last train leaving, the regiment departing—
And their lips lock, saluting themselves and death,
Before the screen goes dead and they all go home:

And the tired women leave like damp clouds. And the young
Walk in the violent dark, in their hearts the terrible
Ache of loneliness, love, and the need of atonement.

What Hollywood joins together let no man—etc.
Still, in my country, departures are not so romantic
(The household gods in the truck, the night-freight, the hitch to Billings)
And this is the age of departures.
Similarly death, in Dakota at least, is never
Played to Chaikovsky, with soft lights.

The wind lifts,
Light on the leaves of corn. Far horns flee through Autumn.
The stars freeze
Moving in serious arcs on the pathic night of Dakota;
Below, in tighter circles, the insulted and injured:
Each bound to his turning wheel—O crucified Jesus,
Lenin lying in the flaming tomb—
Nothing can tell it: only the plainest prose:
How the days go over, burning and freezing. How in a half section
No grain of sand is quiet under the wind.
That sweat is as salt as blood and is shed for another.
Nothing can tell it.
My father has had fifty years without a spare dime in his pocket.
My mother has had fifty years without a half hour's vacation.
Lucky in each other and in a few of their children, who are equally poor and equally blessed.
Fifty years on the land. The banks are richer. My father could not buy a graveyard lot.
Fifty years of feeding the nation while the children are undernourished.
There is dignity in the spendthrift stars, and the wild free birds are in love with their own singing, but each of your grey hairs is a harp in the landlord's heaven.
Hope, happiness, heart-ease, even menial comfort, and most lost, most needed—dignity, freedom and justice, *justice*
O my loved ones, these are not yours, never will be,
Nor Christ hold the house up over your mortgaged heads.

A battleship can sink a sonata at forty miles.
And love's lonely counterfeit, art, has no dominion
Over those nightmares that move in the actual sunlight.
Though the blonde be faithful, her lover return from the battle,
And Hollywood wed them,
Though the fat women weep in that landlords' hall of perversion
And boys feel cheated,
Injustice is not solved by poems, not in Dakota.

And solutions are never found in the hollow tree of childhood,
Nor spelled in colored pebbles by the hidden spring.
Magicians deny us weapons. They keep us amused, juggling
The orphaned fantasies of easier days.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BLOOD MONEY

A Guest Editorial by MILTON BLAU

It's a question of big rackets and little rackets. It's a question of how you want your sleigh ride, all at once or a little at a time. The Garsson Combine's take was $76,000,000. That isn't very much. Everybody knows that the Garsson deal is chicken feed but they want the Mead Committee to settle the Garsson-May operation and move on to the bigger racketeers.

For the most part the investigation has been busy showing that Garsson used May to help him secure contracts and that high Army brass had spent some time glittering around at *soirees* run for business reasons. No one has yet proved that the $76,000,000 was stolen by any other than "legal" methods. The "legal" methods of the cost-plus contract; the blackmail slow down of conversion pulled by industry to win the proper conditions for making a killing; the larceny coated demands made in silent places had first to be met before the serious business of producing the goods for the anti-fascist war was undertaken.

Some of our liberal commentators have become outraged by this affair because it has in it the intimations of immorality among businessmen. They are correct, too. Only it seems that they are impressed mainly by the six-digit size of that immorality. It would be foolish to think that business robbery became a practice because of the war; it only smelled worse because there was more blood on every dollar.

Somehow the whole business calls the case of Lucky Luciano to mind. Luciano was the single great figure of the underworld; one of the wealthiest men in the United States. His political and business connections were of the first order. While (then) District Attorney Thomas Dewey brought charges against Luciano (so important in building the gubernatorial-presidential candidate) the charges neither contained nor reflected the real activities of the underworld leader. Any real prosecution of Lucky Luciano would have involved too many of the "respectable" leaders of the upper world. So closely together had the legal and illegal worlds grown that it was impossible to strike a blow against one without hearing a cry of pain from the other.

Perhaps Garsson will be punished. Perhaps May will be punished. With more pressure from the people perhaps a few more industrialists will be labelled thieves but this much is sure: no committee will carry through the logical prosecution against war-profiteering—it would put our cost-plus patriots and their strange capitalist economy in an unbearable and exposing light. It is possible too that many of the most obvious frauds will be settled on a larger basis. (As PM's Max Lerner points out: you jail one and a lot of them will be in a hurry to make readjustments). Yet these would be the obvious thefts; the thefts which are exposed at once on the paper which records them.

Which investigating committees will study the business of how the Army was supplied? It would be interesting to know how many of the high ranking supply men were on loan to the armed forces from big industry itself. From whose point of view did they calculate the Army's needs? The regular officers molded in the image of capitalism and the officers loaned to the Army from big industry could not, because of a "small" war, become pure patriots to the extent of surrendering the interests of their class even temporarily. The war was a passing thing for them while capitalism, they believed, was not so passing. The Army was capitalist society stripped down to its essentials and one of the essentials in the subordinate machine, as in the main machine, was corruption. Only this was clearer in the Army because the ponderous facade of capitalism, the trappings of legalism which hide so much, and the hallelujah gloss of *Life*, were absent.

Now the Garsson case comes up and the liberal thinkers fear that the morality of our business men is involved. It is involved. It is always involved. It is involved in the seventy-six million dollar swindle and in the billion dollar swindles. It is involved in the twenty-five and thirty-dollar swindles which occur every week over the years and are called wages. It is involved in the ninety-cent butter and the five-dollar shirt and in the madness of the impoverishing price rises. It is involved in Georgia where the bodies of four Negroes are new in the ground—in India, in Africa, in China, in Palestine, in all the places where the imperial dollar smashes down the people. And it is involved in Paris where Byrnes, representing that morality, is busy dismantling the structure of peace.

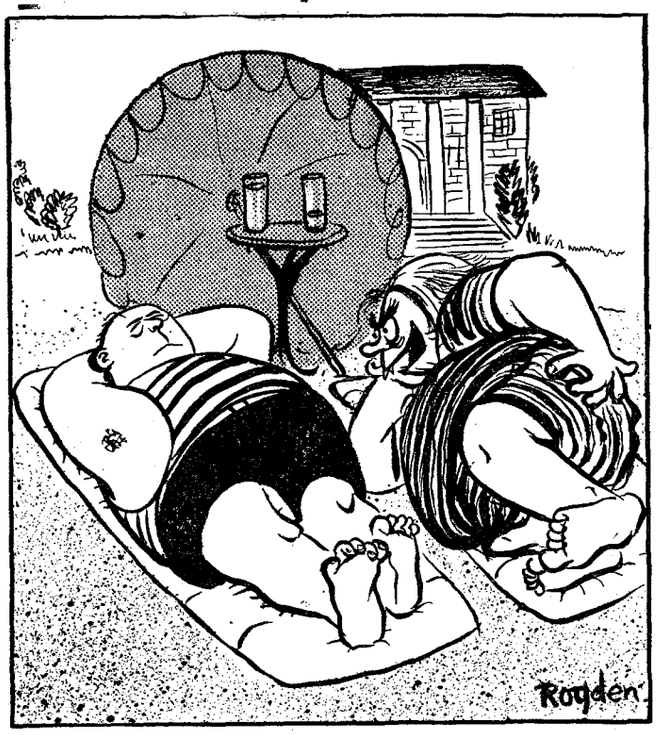
Our liberal friends are upset by the big nakedness of the fraud and the corruption. When the fraud is not so open that does not lessen the immorality of a social system which even now tamps down the soldier graves in preparation for the anti-Soviet war.

It's more than the morality of the Garssons and the Mays.

It's the crippled morality of the big thieves and the little thieves.

It's the morality of capitalism.

Sen. Rankest Says:



"Doc, how long can I say I'll be laid up with athlete's foot?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCHLESINGER: LUCE LIBERAL

Are Communists subservient to Russia? Who are the real patriots? Some recent history. The concluding article in reply to "scholarly" myths.

By JOHN STUART

EVERY anti-Communist screed has running through it violations of fact and an indifference to scruples. Their authors, in addition, try to kill the Marxist movement by indicting Communists as disloyal to their country. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., makes the attempt in *Life* (July 29) with no more success than Martin Dies had. If he has any success it is in exceeding Dies by adding to the Texan's elaborate mythology his own brand of "scholarly" trivia. Schlesinger's implied definition of patriotism is so crude, so devoid of historical background or contemporary value that it does become the last refuge of scoundrels. Small wonder, then, that he would vilify Communists by charging them with a loyalty to the Soviet Union higher than their devotion to the United States. Inevitably he enlarges this libel to its logical adjunct that the Communist Party's "main objective is by policies of disruption and blackmail to avert a war with the Soviet Union or to make sure, if war comes, that the U.S. is badly prepared to fight it." In other words, he says, American Communists are subservient to Soviet foreign policy and place the interests of a foreign power above the interests of the American people.

This is one of the falsehoods irresponsibility concocts. For if Schlesinger had any genuine familiarity with American history he could have detected quickly that what he says about American Communists in relation to the USSR has been said by political tories about American revolutionary and progressive figures in relation to the causes they espoused abroad. Whenever, in fact, American groups have expressed admiration for another country that overthrew its despots there was certain to be someone to charge them with being foreign agents. Thus were Jefferson and others reviled when they showed the deepest sympathy for the French Revolution. Agent of Moscow is, therefore, merely the current version of agent of Paris uttered at a time when groups were organized in our country to aid the French in their struggle to attain a higher democracy.

Throughout history there has been this exchange of sentiment between peoples. Our own Civil War was helped to a successful conclusion because Karl Marx inspired large numbers of British workers to prevent the Tories from going to war on the side of the Confederacy. In the same war the Northern forces were happy and proud to have in their ranks European revolutionary figures like Carl Schurz and Communists such as Joseph Weydemeyer and August Willich.

When today Communists associate themselves with the ideals and principles upon which the Soviet Union is founded they are carrying on a tradition indigenous to the American scene albeit in a different context of events and stage of struggle. (Incidentally, there were Russians, such as Alexander Radishchev, during the reign of Catherine II, who allied themselves with the objectives of the American Revolution.) The examples I have given represent the spirit of true internationalism which has dominated the thought of our most vigorous, democratic minds. If one discarded this internationalism one would have to discard all the treasures of science bequeathed us by Europeans—the music, the literature, the social innovations that have come from across the seas. And one, of course, should then logically discard capitalism which had its beginnings in western Europe and whose theories were first propounded by Europeans. But it is capitalism which has smothered true internationalism by which all can appropriate the best that mankind everywhere has devised.

American Communists, however, look to the Soviet Union for additional reasons that have nothing in common with Schlesinger's fabrications. Communists see in the USSR an area of the world where men and women have an opportunity for the unfolding of their personalities unprecedented in the saga of human life. They see, in addition, that not only do the Soviet peoples control their own destiny, that they have abolished the exploitation of man by man, but they have established a system of economy—*socialism*—which will enrich them physically as it provides the conditions for enormous cultural growth. This whole reconverting of millions, with achievements overshadowing mistakes, has not been done accidentally but has had a science to direct it. If Marxist science has been able to advance the well-being of a great part of the earth, American Communists in a genuinely scientific spirit seek to endow themselves and their country with it.

The Russian Revolution is to our time what the French Revolution was to its day. It is an epochal and fundamentally new phenomenon in the affairs of men and it is affecting the human spirit and human institutions with all the force which capitalism affected the age of feudalism. However it is maligned by the midget warriors of the old order, the Soviet state is a supreme turning point in the history of social development. If the Soviet phenomenon has, therefore, found strong adherents over the entire planet who watch it with eager interest, capitalism can only blame itself, for capitalism, with its unalterable profit-mad and market-mad compulsions, has made of the globe a Heartbreak House. At the core these are the reasons for the spiritual and political affinity between the millions of Communists throughout the world and the Soviet Union.

IF ONE were to adopt the precept that it is patriotic to support one's own government because it happens to be the government of the land, the Nazis fulfilled the highest tenets of patriotism. If one accepted the belief that every war which one's own government waged was a patriotic war, then Hitler's Wehrmacht met the test of patriotism. A century ago Lincoln and other progressives demonstrated their patriotism by denouncing the

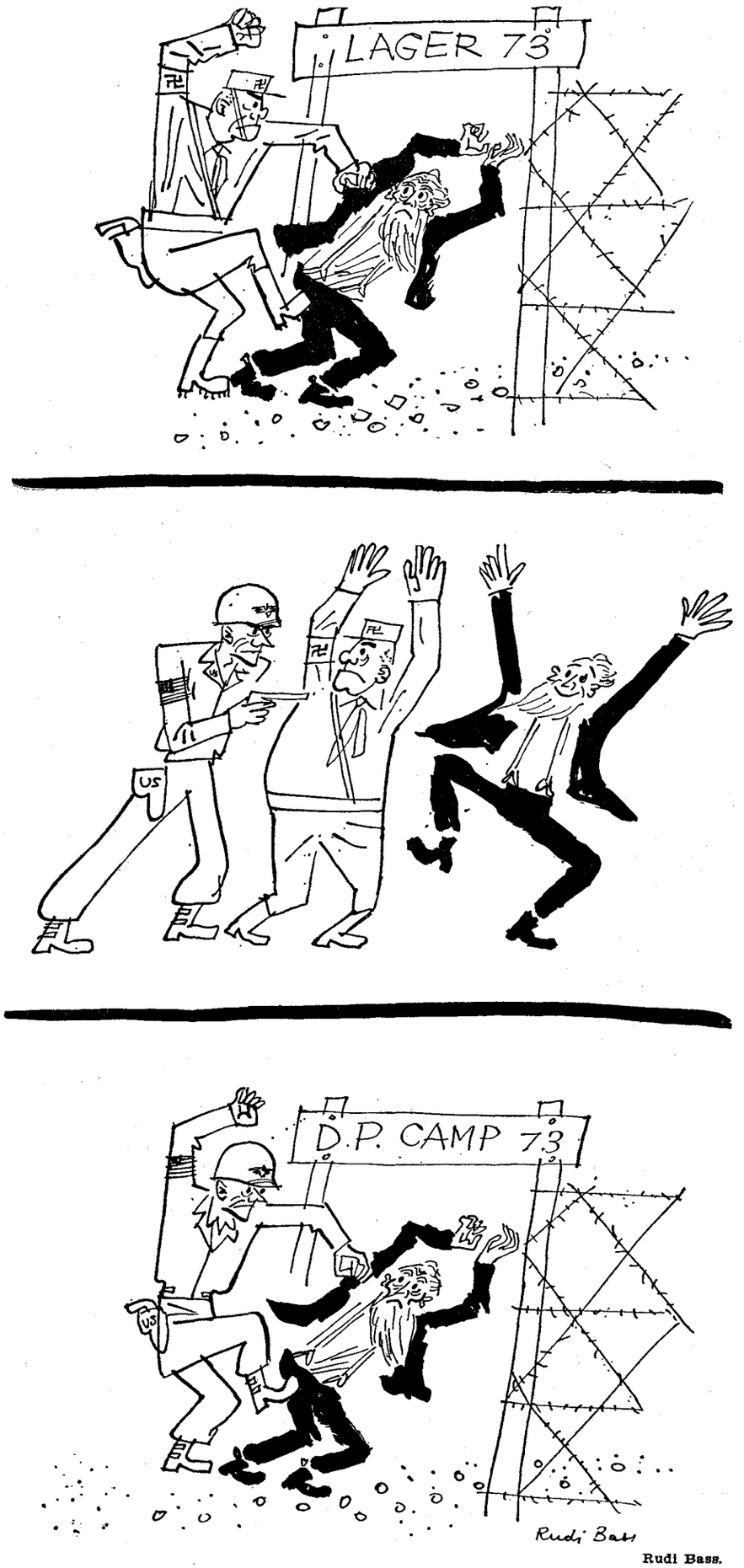
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reactionary war which their government was waging against Mexico. For Communists a patriotism based solely on a love of landscape, of rivers and mountains, is a little too esthetic a basis in a country not ruled by esthetes. Communists are not patriots in a vacuum. They do not, for example, believe that all wars are just; a war of aggrandizement, a war for empire involving the oppression of millions, is unjust even if it is a war declared in one's own sacred congressional halls. A patriotism founded on unjust warfare abuses the natural devotion to country in the interests of imperialist rulers. It is a projection of tyranny abroad, the reflex of continued tyranny at home.

Nor do Communists believe that it is patriotism to say that one's country is superior to another. We have had an example of this kind of patriotism in Winston Churchill's speech at Fulton, Missouri. In the Churchillian dream Great Britain and the United States are to rule the world because in his view the English speaking countries were chosen for that destiny. Real love of country will not deny the right of other people to have a country, free and independent. The sum of it is that to fight for the independence and liberty of one's own land, as Americans did in the war, is the summit of patriotism. To fight for the subjugation of other states which do not menace us, which do not threaten our independence, is to fight under the banner of jingoism, that irrational patriotism which directs itself against the so-called menace of the yellow races, results in Jew-baiting, the enslavement of Africans and Indians, and the lynching of Negroes.

The Communist fulfills the highest demands of patriotism because his is a true internationalism. With Thomas Paine he says, "The world is my country, to do good is my religion," and with Walt Whitman he sings, "What cities the light of warmth penetrates, I penetrate those cities myself; all islands to which birds wing their way, I wing my way myself. I find my home wherever there are homes of men. . . ." To find communion with the working peoples of the world is in no way incompatible with genuine devotion to country. It is in fact an enrichment of that devotion because it undermines oppression and bigotry and opens wider the vistas of the human spirit.

The war we have just fought pre-



Rudi Bass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sented a real picture of what patriotism is and who the patriots were. When patriotism meant a relentless, unqualified struggle against Hitler, without diplomatic trickery to block the opening of a second front to hasten victory, the Communists stood in the forefront of patriots. Then the Communists were besmirched for insisting on the opening of that front as subservience to Soviet foreign policy, as though a western invasion was inimical to the United States because Nazidom would be defeated more quickly. In that war there were other "patriots" too. There were the Garssons and the Mays who wrote their patriotism on dollar bills. There were the American cartel chiefs who helped the Hitlerites amass the materials of war and who handicapped our war effort. There were the "patriots" of France—Laval, Petain, Flandin—who said that the patriotism of the Communists could not be trusted in the same breath that they sold their country to the Germans.

It is on a Marxist probing of every political issue, from the making of peace to the prevention of war—the two fundamental issues of our day—that Communist policy is formulated. The Marxists, working from common principles and a rich international heritage of working-class experience, naturally, formulate common policies. There are, of course, distinctions between the work of one Communist Party and another—distinctions based on each country's economic development, the relation of forces within the country, its historical background. But the distinctions are part of the common pool of struggle against imperialism, against war and fascism, with the Communists united on a world scale by the bonds of struggle. This universality of outlook on fundamentals is not dictated by any foreign power, as the Schlesingers insist, for the pre-Soviet Marxists also had a universality of approach to the key issues which confronted them. And on the occasion when one Communist Party disagrees with another on some aspects of a problem that too has been interpreted as Moscow designed.

In Schlesinger's unfounded premise that the Communist Party is subservient to the foreign policy of the Soviet Union lies the diplomatic excuse for severing relations with the USSR on the grounds that it is intervening in the internal affairs of the United States. This is but a short step to the illegalization of the Communist Party because it is supposedly the medium through which Moscow works its intervention. Such is the conclusion to which *Life's* readers are beckoned with Schlesinger providing the "liberal" facade to the plans of the anti-Sovieteers.

There is no denying that many Americans are influenced by the Schlesinger charges. A moment's reflection, however, and a quick dip into recent history should reveal their utter falsity. Eleven years ago the American Communist Party attempted to rally the country for measures that would preserve peace through a policy of collective security among the democratic states. Such, in fact, was the policy of all Communist parties. But the Schlesingers would have Americans believe that this policy of national and international unity to stop Hitler came only on the morning of June 22, 1941, when Russia was invaded by the Germans, that is, the USSR dictated a change of line. In reality, however, there was no change because the policy of collective security against fascism was urged by the Communists in 1935 not on behalf of the Soviet Union but on behalf of Ethiopia which had been attacked by Mussolini. The same Communist demand was made a year later on behalf of Republican Spain when its sovereignty was violated by Berlin's and Rome's puppet, Franco. It was made again in 1938 to keep Czechoslovakia from annihilation by the Germans. Now this policy of the American Communist Party, attacked in the past by the Schlesinger fraternity, is widely accepted by non-Communists as having been correct and decidedly beneficial to the country's welfare had it been adopted at the time it was proposed.

It was on its Marxist approach to world affairs and on its firm defense of American working-class interests that the Communists demanded that the government help the Spanish democrats; stop aiding Japan's rape of China; fight Chamberlain's appeasement of Germany; collaborate with the Soviet Union against aggressors. And in the period of the phony war, the Communists, whatever their errors, still held to the fundamental position that nothing but tragedy would result if agreements were made with Hitler for a war against the Soviet Union. It was in the phony phase of the conflict that such plans almost became a reality with the French not fighting the Germans but planning attacks on Baku, rebellion in the Soviet Caucasus, while London sent Hitler's henchman, Mannerheim, planes and guns.

Now time and blood have wiped away the mist that hung over those who were unjustly critical of fundamental Communist policy. The irony, the bitter irony that cost so many thousands of dead, is that the policy of collective security and cooperation with Moscow which the Communists urged became national policy at a late hour when clearly any other policy would have meant the conquest of the United States and a victory for Hitler.

The Communists today are severely critical of American foreign policy not because that criticism serves the interests of the Soviet Union. The Soviets have shown too often that they can ably take care of their affairs. The Communists do so because this foreign policy runs counter to the interests of the American people and of all peoples seeking peace. Schlesinger does American Communists a singular honor when he says their main objective is to avert a war with the Soviet Union as though to urge a war with the Soviet Union would fulfill the highest concepts of patriotism! To stop a policy which, despite its hypocritical trappings of peaceful intentions, moves towards an unjust war is genuine patriotism. Such a war is a war of imperialist aggression that profits the ruling class so fearful of the future with its looming economic disasters—politely called depressions—that war appears its only way out.

It takes no remarkable insight to see that American foreign policy at present is the reverse of the wartime policy of collaboration with the Russians. And Schlesinger insults many thousands of Americans who have come to that conclusion without reading this periodical, or the *Daily Worker*, and who have not the faintest idea that a publication such as *New Times* exists. A policy formulated by Communists is widely accepted only if it is embedded in truth, only if it points to real solutions, and only if common experience proves its validity. Communists would be idiots to pursue programs opposing the interests of American workers and their allies.

Let it be said that Communists are not beyond criticism. As soon as they remove themselves from criticism

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by non-Communists they will become an isolated sect. But it must be criticism among equals, for Communists have the right to equality of treatment as an indigenous part of the American community. And it must be honest criticism such as the critic himself would expect. It cannot be criticism which is another form of political assassination, repression or persecution. Communists are the first to admit that they do many things badly. They are often slow in grasping central issues and bringing them into the community for action. There are Communists intolerant of the honest opinions of others. There are Communists who move so far to the "left" or the right that they lose perspective, distort Marxism, and find themselves drifting with the wind.

But no one can ever say of Communists that because they fight for a better OPA they are engaged in a sinister plot on behalf of Soviet foreign policy. By that token Chester Bowles is an agent of Moscow. Nor can it be said of them that because they protest the lynching of Negroes they are aiding Soviet "adventures" abroad. By that token ministers in the Methodist Church protesting the murder of four Georgia Negroes are also aiding these "adventures." The logic of these accusations made by the Schlesingers is to silence everyone under the threat that they are lacking in patriotism or devotion to their country.

The Communists are distinguished from any other political grouping in that they are Marxists and believe in socialism. They no more feed on depressions, as Schlesinger charges, than doctors feed on disease or seismologists on earthquakes. Depressions and war are as much a part of capitalism as are the pages of a book. Throughout the world Communists have given glorious examples of courage and devotion to their class and to the real interests of their nations. In Europe, as in Asia, they have paid the heaviest price for the freedom of their peoples. If thousands upon thousands of non-Communists live they owe their lives to the Communists, as well as non-Communists, murdered or tortured to death by the fascists. And there are the American Communist dead—all in the same battle for a world without cynicism, without the tyrant voices, without the exploitation of man by man.

HOW TO MAKE A CRIME WAVE

When police statistics say "No," and the commercial press says "Yes"—a first class sensation is splashed across Page One; editorials roar.

By ARNOLD BRAITHWAITE

WHEN the city desk becomes stale for lack of interesting news, it behooves the city editor to fabricate some that is lurid and sensational, which can be used to amplify editorial policy and that will reflect favorably in circulation. That is how the average "crime wave" originates. Ordinarily, crime stories are scattered throughout the pages of a newspaper, with only intrinsically spectacular crimes and crimes involving well known people attaining the conspicuousness of the front page. But to create the illusion of a crime wave, all crimes are bunched together on the front page, under alarming headlines like, "Crime Wave Rises in Police Shortage," "City Gripped by Crime Wave," etc. That this practice is detrimental to the public welfare will presently be demonstrated, but first let us establish with the aid of statistics from police department reports of New York City that these "waves" are nothing more than myths. Two recent New York City "crime waves," the one this last fall and the one in the fall of 1943, will be used as examples.

Police department reports are made annually. It is difficult to obtain any accurate "running" reports, but some indication of the trend can be gleaned from those figures that are available. According to police records, 202 murders and manslaughters were reported through Nov. 25, 1945. The totals for the entire years of 1937, 1939 and 1941-4 were 331, 291, 268, 270, 203 and 228, respectively. In the first eleven months of 1945 there were approximately 2,450 cases of felonious assault. For the entire years of 1939, 1941, 1943 and 1944 there were 2,940, 2,697, 2,357 and 2,402, respectively. In the period from Sept. 1, 1945 through Thanksgiving Day (the period of the "crime wave") there were 68 slayings. In the same period in 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942 and 1944 there were 72, 82, 62, 52 and 49, respectively.

From these figures, it is clear that though there has been a slight increase in crime over the past two years, it did not burst forth suddenly, as newspaper accounts imply, like some great cataclysm. As has been expected, postwar conditions are causing, and may for some time continue to cause, an overall increase in crime.

The 1943 "crime wave" affords a better perspective for viewing the facts. It may be recalled that in the spring of that year, according to the newspapers, all hell was breaking loose in the Bedford-Stuyvesant area of Brooklyn. Law and order was on a holiday; crime was running on a rampage. Citizens were afraid to traverse the streets at night. Many churches in the area discontinued their evening services (it is not certain yet whether the churches closed because of the phantom crime wave of the newspapers, or whether the nwspapers publicized the crime wave because the churches closed—I strongly suspect the former).

Finally, a Grand Jury investigation was made of the area in the summer of that year, and the presentment handed down in November echoed the sentiments of the editorialists (and vice versa). The report was a masterpiece of innuendo and a superficial analysis of the circumstances. It charged: "Innocent and law abiding citizens have been assaulted, robbed, murdered and insulted." One of the reasons for this was that with "the growing conditions of lawlessness in this area . . . police officers . . . have not adopted . . . the 'muss 'em up' attitude that this kind of lawlessness deserves and requires." The Grand Jury serverely criticized the mayor and the police for their laxity and then went on to report

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about the superabundance of prostitution and juvenile delinquency, especially child-gangs. So as not to appear aspersive, many "eminent, responsible and trustworthy colored citizens" of the area "deplored" the conditions and "testified to the foregoing conditions." Then more abuse was heaped on the mayor and police.

The report concluded that it is "in no sense a race problem. It is purely a social and law enforcement problem which calls for prompt action and immediate attention." Some amazing recommendations were included: an increase in the police force and Colored State Guard, a mayorial sponsorship of bills making it illegal to carry knives and "to congregate without a license," an investigation of relief rolls to "eliminate the tendency to live off relief," an increase of recreational activities, "spiritual and moral centers for training" and personnel in the Juvenile Aid Bureau, and a stricter "imposing [of] prison sentences on those youthful hoodlums" by the adolescent court.

THIS report was all the confirmation the press needed. It gave the report front page spreads along with some more vivid crime wave stories. "Indignant" citizens held neighborhood meetings. One meeting cheered a police patrolman who criticized the mayor and made a snide remark about the prevalence of "sunburnt" people. It refused to listen to a Negro who wanted to make some remarks. Police reinforcements were dispatched to precincts in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section from other areas in the city. A house-to-house canvass was made by the police (after a few days it was called a failure, but that did not stop the New York *Tribune* from stating that the answers to questions, from the few who did answer, tended to confirm the charges made by the Grand Jury). The mayor requested a report of crime from the precinct heads in the area. All this the result of a "courageous" newspaper crusade against "crime."

"Never mind 'what,' 'where' or 'why'—just tell me 'who,' and be sure to make it a Negro!"

But here is that "crime wave" as it appears in the annual police department report and in the special report to the mayor. Following are the major crimes for the entire city for the year 1943 as compared with the years, 1934, 1937, 1939, 1942 and 1944:

OFFENSE CLASSIFICATION	1943	1934	1937	1939	1942	1944
Murder or Manslaughter	203	359	331	291	270	228
Felonious Assault	2,357	2,457	2,921	2,940	2,409	2,402
Assault and Battery	892	1,251	1,276	1,427	1,183	887
Burglary	3,277	2,980	3,128	3,178	2,245	2,316
TOTAL	6,729	7,047	7,656	7,836	6,107	5,833

It might be argued that the above figures cover too wide an area, that they don't reflect the true situation in Brooklyn. Let us, then, limit our investigation to Kings County (Brooklyn) where the crime wave was supposed to be at its worst. Following is the recapitulation of crime for 1943 as compared with other years (from the Annual Police Report):

OFFENSE CLASSIFICATION	1943	1939	1941	1942	1944
Murder or Manslaughter	39	61	70	56	60
Homicide, others	225	270	229	225	178
Rape	211	276	253	227	217
Robbery	149	302	195	198	173
Felonious Assault	646	899	651	630	625
Burglary	381	882	597	432	395
Prostitution and Commercialized Vice	811	918	865	985	736
Other Sex Offenses	233	333	339	276	221
Third Degree Assault	838	1,362	1,123	982	799

If any of the city editors should see these figures, and if they have any conscience (which I seriously doubt), many faces should be red. The only year comparable with 1943 is 1944, and at the time of that "crime wave," 1944 was a mere vision in men's minds.

Again, to satisfy the sticklers for statistics, let us focus our attention on the particular area in Brooklyn, the Bedford-Stuyvesant area. The statistics were requested by the mayor after the Grand Jury charges. The figures for 1943 cover the first ten months only:

OFFENSE CLASSIFICATION	1943	1939	1940	1941	1942
Murder or Manslaughter	10	6	16	18	22
Homicide, others	21	37	45	33	41
Felonious Assault	212	320	233	217	221
Assault and Robbery	41	106	67	69	53
Totals for all others except Juvenile Delinquents	1,591	2,426	2,484	2,519	2,585

These statistics conclusively indicate that the accusations of the press and the Grand Jury were unfounded. They were a gross misrepresentation and involved a good measure of deliberate dishonesty, lack of good faith and total irresponsibility on the part of both the jury and the press. Thus the "crime wave" was much more extensive in print than in fact. We shall see, however, that crime would be lower than it is if the press would fulfill its responsibility to the people and cease to shadow box with a specter that isn't there.

IT IS unfortunate (but understandable, considering the class character of our press), that these stout journals do not care to inform their readers of the essential determinants that cause crime. Their persistent neglect in this respect is palpable

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only when careful scrutiny is given the other motives of these journals that co-exist with the purely economic motives. There are two, and the means by which they are realized constitute the most disgraceful practices of the press.

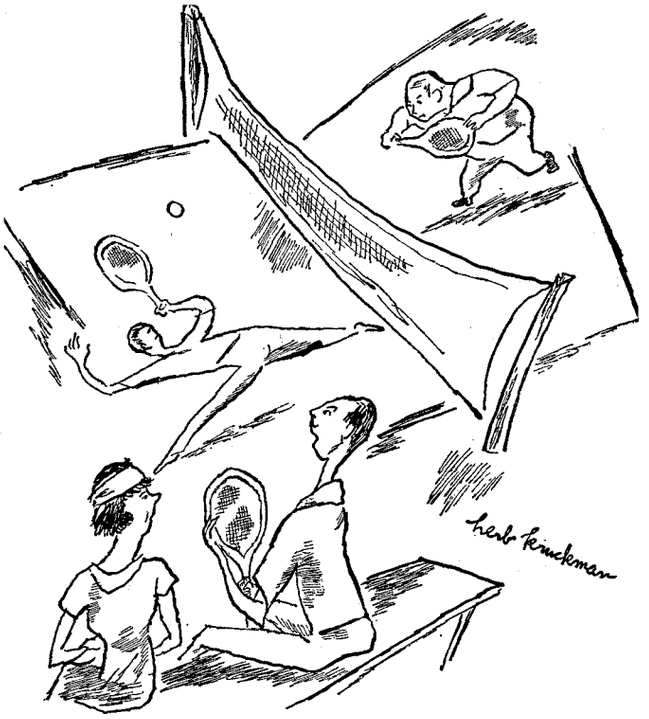
The first practice is to plant editorials three or four days after the "start" of the crime wave which call the attention of law enforcement officers to the frightening upsurge in crime. The editor fearlessly demands greater vigilance from, and an increase in, the police force so that law abiding citizens may be better protected from the menace of hoodlums. Police officials are ever sensitive to the blusterings and accusations of the press, for they are aware of its tremendous influence in molding public opinion; they know that with enough pressure from that source they may well find themselves demoted, transferred to undesirable assignments, or even fired. So they go through the outward motions of stiffening up in "blighted" areas. The distressing truth is that the police, who hasten frantically to appease the complaints of the editors, show a remarkable disregard for the well-being of the average citizen in distress and who, in the final analysis, is the one he is supposed to be protecting. This is particularly true in those areas where crime is actually the highest.

Several days later, for the benefit of the dullard who might have missed the point, there appears in many of these journals a self-laudatory editorial acknowledging the noble work done. When the above mentioned statistics for the Bedford-Stuyvesant area were reported to the mayor, accompanied by a categorical denial of the Grand Jury charges by the police, the New York *Times* discussed them under the headline, "Police Minimize Crime in Brooklyn Report to Mayor." All the police did were to echo the statistics, but when the *Times* says there is a crime wave, then by God there is a crime wave.

The second and most abominable practice of most journals in these "crime wave" scares is based on the psychological principle of association. If, after two words or ideas occur together in a large number of cases, one of the two words or ideas occurs alone, it will immediately stimulate the thought of the other word or idea. They have become "associated" in the mind. As often as possible when a crime is committed, newspapers mention that it is committed by a Negro. Each criminal act will differ and be forgotten, but the general concepts, "crime" and "Negro," remain the same. After sufficient repetition, the mention or thought of one of the concepts will bring to mind the other. In the same way, the terms "mugging" and "zoot suit" have been attached to the concept "crime." Thus crime, Negro, mugging and zoot suit all have become synonymous.

The purpose of this shameful practice is to create friction and fear which, in turn, act as a wedge separating the several groups at the lower rungs of the economic ladder and hinder any collective action on their part to improve their condition. To illustrate the depths to which some journals will descend to make this false impression, several examples can be cited. Last summer, during the Chicago "crime wave," the Chicago *Tribune* printed the picture of a Negro in the first paragraph under the headline, "Police Capture Suspect in Rape of Sailor's Wife." Six paragraphs had to be read to discover that the man in the picture was actually a hero who had saved a three-year-old girl from rape!

In the New York "crime wave" last fall, the two paranoic tabloids, in naming four or five out of eighty-two suspects who were picked up in the day's police roundup, duly informed the reader that they were Negroes. The *Sun* reported a day's roundup and they used the word so often that it became "also Negro" to break the redundancy. The same edition reported the only crimes of violence for the day on other pages, and, needless to say, they happened not to involve Negroes. This flagrant and vicious association is so firmly implanted in the minds of the public that recently, when a woman stabbed her husband in the stomach with a carving knife, she called the police and calmly told them a Negro did it.



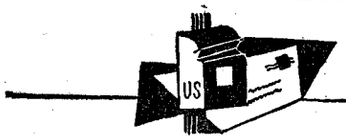
"Now take all their five-year planning—has it produced anyone of note in the tennis world?"

Two years ago the Newspaper Guild requested that newspapers refrain from using the color tag in their crime stories. The reaction at first was fairly good, but all the papers with several notable exceptions quickly lapsed back into their evil habits. The "respectable" journals, the *Times* and *Tribune*, though not so sensational in presentation, are as guilty of this malfeasance as those journals of perennial inaccuracy which need not be named.

This press, this "free" press, can share an ample measure of the blame for the existence of crime. If journalistic ethics would rise as sharply as these fictitious crime waves, we would get more truth and fewer lies. A great deal could be accomplished toward improving conditions. The press could point out that criminals are made, not born; that they are problems of society, that they should be rehabilitated, not killed, clubbed or "mussed up." The determining factors outlined above would be rightfully associated with crime. Editorials suggesting remedies could be printed. Public indignation would be aroused, and the appropriate public officials would be moved to action—corrective action. The press could promote racial understanding rather than prejudice. These things are the very least they could and should do. It would, of course, necessitate a revolutionary change in policy of most journals, but it would be bloodless, and the fresh sincerity would be a welcome relief from the rank irresponsibility in which they now indulge.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mail call



McGrath: Pro

To New Masses: Despite the enticing title of "Poetry: Form and Content" (July 16), I settled back to contemplate what looked like just an interesting review of two recent collections of poetry by NM's versatile critic, Thomas McGrath.

Half-way through the article, I realized that I was reading not merely a lively critique of Vincent Ferrini's and Alan Swallow's poetical works; here was truly a lucid evaluation of what makes for good Marxist versification and what we should expect (and demand) from our left-wing and modern poets. The absolute value of informative essays such as this one should not be underestimated as a back-page commentary, inasmuch as there are those of us unable to attend courses, seminars, etc., for various (physical) reasons, and regard them as primary rather than supplementary educative sources.

I would, however, have liked Mr. McGrath to expound in fuller detail his contention that agitational verse can and must be integrated with genuine artistry by illustrating this observation with specific passages from Aragon, Mayakovsky, et al, whom he briefly mentions. For it is equally important to emphasize the positive side of the dissertation as it is to point out the negative features in Ferrini's poems or the limited, albeit laudatory, scope of Alan Swallow.

Perhaps this will be achieved in subsequent articles by author-critic McGrath, who, it is to be hoped, will further pursue the subject of context and meritorious approach in literature (poetry) for the people.

Minnie Drucker.

Bronx, N. Y.

McGrath: Con

To New Masses: A simple critical reading of Tom McGrath's article (July 16) on poetry (*Tidal Wave*—Ferrini) will show several contradictions and loose formulations leading to what I believe is an un-Marxist approach to style and forms of poetry.

Early in his article he says "there can be no doubt that this pamphlet (*Tidal Wave*) is an immediate weapon and that it was consciously intended as such by Ferrini." Later he asks, "is the pamphlet then a failure?" This type of rhetorical question is dangerous unless he really means to give the impression that it is a failure. A sentence later he says "it depends largely on what Ferrini intended." He then compares *Tidal Wave* with the work of Pablo Neruda. Why, I don't know, and reaches the conclusion that Ferrini's work "must be regarded as a failure as art and as poetry." Here he then slips in an unMarxist conclusion by adding a simple truth, sugar-coating a bitter pill. The pill: "that to succeed as agitation a poem must first succeed as art." The sugar coat: "the working class is entitled to the writer's best efforts."

This we know, but tell me, were the hurriedly scrawled verses on French occupied streets less potent as agitation against the Nazis because some of the Underground couldn't spell, or rhyme? On the subject of rhyme, McGrath writes, "in agitational verse traditional rhyming forms are probably best, since for the average worker poetry is largely synonymous with rhyme."

Why hamper our writers with traditional forms? As our workers deserve the best so will our conscientious writers give of their best. Lend them the freedom to experiment, to lift the horizon of peoples' literature. Poetry of the people, by the people, and for the people—yes. But the suggestion of McGrath's that "creating a style of traditional rhymes would be of greater importance than the development of individual talents," is, I think, far from dialectical and a little impossible.

Irving Myers.

Los Angeles.

Canada Lee Writes:

To New Masses: Three little boys, Richard, age five; Charles Jr., six and Wilfred, three, are the children of the late Pfc. Charles R. Ferguson who was slain by Patrolman Joseph Romeika in Freeport, N. Y., last February 5. You know the details of that crime.

I, too, was a little boy with very little opportunity for an education or for a happy boyhood. I had to buck discrimination and fight my way through to get the things I so dearly desired. And now, here I am, very happy to be able to help these three to a chance toward a happier life than I had. I know it isn't much, but I am glad to be helpful in raising a trust fund for their education.

I ask your readers, too, to help the New York Committee for Justice in Freeport. The Committee has been doing a splendid job in bringing this case before the people. We are grateful for its exposure of the Ku Klux Klan in New York. The Committee knows that as long as Romeika remains unpunished he is an inspiration to the Klan and further police brutality, that an attack on the Negro people is an attack on all minorities.

The Committee has been aiding the stricken family because they are destitute. A trust fund has been established with $750 already deposited. Help us give these three kids some kind of lease on life. Lord knows a trust fund isn't much but it helps. They will suffer plenty during their years to manhood, and probably through life, knowing the reason for their father's death. But we can help ease that suffering if we assure them that they have friends. Whatever you can give—every penny will count.

New York. Canada Lee.

Contributions should be sent to the New York Committee for Justice in Freeport, 112 E. 19th St., New York 3, N. Y.

The "Dilemma" Question

To New Masses: Horace R. Cayton would undoubtedly find himself less preoccupied with "dilemmas" should he but take the trouble to study Marx and Engels.

Cayton insists on posing the Negro problem as a moral question, thus reducing the allies of the Negro people to merely those who approach the Negro question from the moral point of view. But Engels in criticizing Feuerbach wrote: "It is precisely the wicked passions of man—greed and lust for power—which since the emergence of class antagonism, serve as levers of historical development."

Was it for moral reasons that the industrial North freed the slaves? And does labor fight for the equality of Negroes out of moral considerations or through an understanding from bitter experience that labor in a white skin cannot be free while labor in a black skin remains half-slave? Finally, don't many Jews and Catholics come to fight for Negroes' rights as they see themselves the common target of the Ku Klux Klan and other fascist forces?

In stating that "to say that economic and political forces are decisive in the long run is not at all inconsistent with saying that individuals face the Negro problem as a moral dilemma" Cayton implies that this thought has the blessing of Engels. On the contrary, Engels said in a letter to Heinz Starkenburg: "Men make their history themselves, only in given surroundings which condition it and on the basis of actual relations already existing, among which the economic relations, however much they may be influenced by the other political and ideological ones, are still ultimately the decisive ones, forming the red thread which runs through them and alone leads to understanding."

I am wondering if the editors of New Masses haven't been guilty of a little "moral flabbiness" in giving space to Cayton's letter. After all, "non-historical social-science" went out with the publication of Lenin's "Materialism and Empirio-Criticism" as far as we are concerned.

New York. Robert K. Stevens.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

review and comment

BLOOD ON THEIR HANDS, TOO

They spoke about blood, sweat and tears, but not for themselves. Sabotage in high places.

By HERBERT APTHEKER

TOP SECRET, *by Ralph Ingersoll. Harcourt, Brace.* $3.
MY THREE YEARS WITH EISENHOWER, *by Harry C. Butcher. Simon & Schuster.* $5.
WRATH IN BURMA, *by Fred Eldridge. Doubleday.* $3.

RECENTLY the Associated Press reported from London that the American Ambassador to His Britannic Majesty saw fit to remark that Mr. Ingersoll's work "offended every sense of good taste," while a distinguished English author, Sir Alan Herbert, M.P., thought the ill-bred volume should be sub-titled "Burn Before Reading."

The "top [and open] secret" exposed in the Ingersoll book and substantiated in the Butcher memoirs which has aroused the ire of these individuals is the fact that the Churchill government bitterly opposed the waging of an effective, decisive and bold campaign of annihilation against Nazi Europe. That government preferred a course which would have prolonged the practically single-handed resistance of the Soviet Union to the last possible moment—*i.e.*, the moment when a continuance of the course would have seriously endangered Britain's own existence. That government preferred a course which would have resulted in the killing of many more millions of people of Russia, and in the obtaining for itself of strategic footholds to serve as threats and springboards of attack against those people in the future.

The story as detailed by one who was on the staff of the highest American headquarters early in 1942 and thereafter served with the headquarters of General Bradley, in command of an Army Group, and by another who, from 1942 through V-E Day, was a personal assistant to the Supreme Allied Commander, shows that though the Combined Chiefs of Staff had agreed, in Washington, December 1941, to prepare and launch a trans-Channel invasion of Europe sometime in 1942, this was deliberately and consciously sabotaged by the Churchill government.

Thus, while the innumerable British committees, sub-committees and sub-sub-committees proved that a twenty-five mile water crossing was logistically impossible given a main base of supplies 3,000 miles away from the intended zone of operations, the same experts felt that a 1,500 mile water crossing was possible given a main base of supplies 4,500 miles away!

Eisenhower himself preferred an assault upon France, and in July 1942 said he was prepared to lead one within three months. But on July 22 (a day which Eisenhower felt might well be labelled the "blackest in history") the British definitely refused to implement their commitment of December 1941, and the invasion of North Africa was substituted. Early in August 1942 Eisenhower asked an English member of the planning staff for the African attack when he thought the attempt against the French coast might be launched. "If Russia holds out," he was told, "if the Middle East stays safe, and if Turkey is still neutral . . . it may be accomplished late in 1943, but probably not until 1944."

So the blueprint of betrayal was carefully drawn well in advance and only details were left to the future. Those details were: after Africa, Pantalleria and Lampadusa, then Sicily, Sardinia and Corsica, a toe-hold in Italy, an end-run to Anzio, and then bucking the line into Rome and beyond. Each new operation meant top priority for an actual front and the renewed sidetracking of the French landing; each new operation meant the further exhaustion of men, supplies and shipping and further waiting for reinforcements and replenishments.

Already in May 1943 Churchill was prevailing upon Eisenhower "to pursue the campaign in the Mediterranean area until the Italians are out of the war. Presumably, he then wants the Allied effort to continue in the Mediterranean area rather than across the channel as already agreed by the Combined Chiefs. . . ."

In July 1943 the Sicilian invasion is launched, though the Supreme Commander fears it will "wear us down, absorb our forces." And at the same time the mountain of planners for the trans-Channel expedition, having labored for eighteen months, produces its mouse, its scheme for the main assault. And this turns out to be not a plan for action, but a rationalization for inaction. For the staff says an invasion *might* be attempted, in the undefined future, *if* the wind is not too strong; *if* the tide is just right; *if* the moon is just right; *if* the wind and the tide and the moon, altogether, are just right; if any one of these conditions is not perfect the assault must be automatically postponed for one month. However, in any case, only the Spring season is suitable; and nothing must be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUBSCRIPTION WITH A NEW NOTE

One Year of

NEW MASSES

Reduction made from subscription rate (regularly $6 a year), not record list price.

plus

Your Choice of the Following:

	List Price	Combination
FOLK MUSIC & DANCE		
BURL IVES, "Wayfaring Stranger"	$2.89	$7.75
JOSH WHITE Folk Songs	2.89	7.75
KENNETH SPENCER American Spirituals	2.89	7.75
EARL ROBINSON-BURL IVES "Lonesome Train"	4.05	8.50
CARSON ROBISON, Square Dances	3.00	7.80
CLASSICAL		
SHOSTAKOVITCH Quartet, Opus 49	2.99	7.80
RACHMANINOFF Fourth Piano Concerto	5.10	9.00
MARIA KURENKO Gretchaninoff	4.05	8.50
SHOW ALBUMS		
"OKLAHOMA" Original Cast	5.52	9.50
"SHOWBOAT" "Kern	6.15	9.75
CHILDREN'S SETS		
ELIE SIEGMEISTER "Funny Bone Alley"	3.15	7.80
FRANK LUTHER "Songs of Safety"	2.36	7.50

NEW MASSES, 104 East 9th St.
New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I wish to take advantage of your combination offer. Enclosed please find $.....
Please send the record indicated to:

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

(Add 50 cents for Canadian; $1.00 for Foreign Postage)

attempted *if* in the meanwhile German defenses are improved; *if* the Germans have over twelve mobile divisions in reserve; or *if* they are able to transfer over fifteen divisions from Russia during the first sixty days of the campaign; or *if*, in the meantime, the fighter strength of the Luftwaffe is not materially reduced! And, says the plan, the initial assault force is to consist of three divisions—though the attack upon Sicily was spearheaded by seven!

TIMIDITY and caution, however, were not present in Churchill's plans for what he called (with his notorious genius for misleading slogans) the "soft underbelly of Europe." Just as the Dardenelles slaughter of 1915 was Churchill's creation, so the bloody near-disaster of Anzio was his responsibility. On Jan. 16, 1944 he saw Eisenhower and pressed for a quick attack at Anzio "despite shortage of landing craft and the great hazard of annihilation." Five days later, against the protests of Gen. Clark, two divisions did attack at Anzio.

Thanks to the guts of the doughboy, the fact that sixty percent of the German heavy artillery shells were duds, and the steady stream of reinforcements poured into the beachhead for nine weeks, the penetration was maintained. But by the end of February 1944, it was apparent that the drain in Italy, and particularly the shipping lost at Anzio, ruled out the planned simultaneous attacks upon the western and southern coasts of France. They would have to come one at a time now, with a ten-week interval, a fact which seriously weakened the entire French campaign.

Just ninety-five days before D Day Churchill informed Eisenhower that he did not wish to commit the entire RAF for the French assault, whereupon the General replied that if the Prime Minister "insisted on this less-than-all-out effort," he, Eisenhower, "would simply have to go home." It must be pointed out, too, that Montgomery, acting on his own, ordered the postponement for thirty days of the invasion as agreed upon at Teheran, *without notifying the Soviet Union*, and that only pressure from the Combined Chiefs and the President rescinded this decision.

These volumes contain material of value in addition to their demonstration of Tory treachery. Butcher's book, for example, points out that as late as July 1944 Hitler's main source of intelligence, on the strategic level, was the Franco government. Reprinted, too, is the verbatim report of the meeting, held in Strasbourg in August 1944, of leading German financiers and industrialists who had assembled to devise plans to execute the Nazi Party directive to begin immediate large-scale investments outside of Germany, particularly in neutral countries like Spain, Sweden, Switzerland and elsewhere. This was to be done in anticipation of the military defeat of fascism for the purpose of preparing for the "next time," and also as a means of influencing the countries receiving the investments. The recent lifting of the blacklist from fascist concerns by our State Department, and the refusal of such governments as Spain and Switzerland to permit the sequestering or confiscation of the investments of German cartels add to the pertinence of these data.

The general political illiteracy that marks much of the Butcher work acquires importance when it is realized that it was read, while being written, by Eisenhower himself and unquestionably reflects very closely the viewpoint of the present Chief-of-Staff of the American Army.

Thus, Mr. Butcher feels that the individuals who interested themselves in exposing the crass anti-Negro prejudices and actions that permeated the Army in much of the ETO were "liberty-loving provocateurs." Again the official policy of segregation in the use of military and civilian facilities promulgated by the Army in England is put forward without hesitation as obviously correct, though this ran counter to the Army's own apologia for its Jim Crowism in the States, namely, that this was in conformity with the existent societal pattern. But in England the Army's Jim Crowism had no such "defense," yet the obvious contradiction is not even noticed, let alone explained.

Similarly, the notorious pro-Vichy policy of the American government in its handling of the North African area is dismissed with the contemptuous remark that those who opposed this policy seemed to desire "a general election of Arabs, Jews and French to elect a Congress" in the midst of the fighting. This is supposed to refute those who protested against the maintenance of Petain puppets in power, the importing of the fascist, Peyrouton, from Argentina to become Governor-General of Algiers, the retention of the Nuremburg code and the fact that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as late as the latter part of December 1942, pro-fascist, anti-Semitic and anti-Allied posters and literature were publicly displayed and distributed in American-occupied North Africa!

The decisive importance, however, of the Soviet effort to the military victory is clearly and ungrudgingly shown. Note is taken of the fact that six weeks prior to the Normandy attack, Hitler sent three divisions from France to the Eastern Front, and that six weeks after that landing he withdrew three more divisions from the West and shifted them to the Red Army zone, while in January 1945 the remains of the Sixth Panzer Army were similarly moved, resulting in the total collapse of the Ardennes Bulge. When the shooting had practically ceased, on April 21, 1945 Eisenhower testified that "Marshal Stalin has never failed to keep any commitment he's made with us since this thing began."

An important failing, however, mars both the Ingersoll and Butcher works. This is the impression given the reader, despite some qualifying remarks, that in the effort to subvert the second front the British Tories played a lone hand, and that America was an innocent wide-eyed child pure of motive and innocent of guile.

It is certainly a fact, and a happy one, that the leader of wartime America was very much more democratic than the leader of England, and it is also a fact that a certain remoteness from and adolescence in dealing with the intricacies of ruling-class European politics on the part of the United States as compared with Britain tended to make the latter the leader, at that time, in the anti-Soviet schemings in opposition to an assault upon France, but this is a far cry from exonerating American finance capitalism from any part in those schemings.

Butcher is oblivious of this, on the whole, though even he notes the opposition from some of the leading Air and Naval figures as well as from the "Japan First" clique. Ingersoll, too, notes this opposition and even remarks, at one point, that "certain individuals who advised or influenced Roosevelt could also be counted on to throw their weight against the invasion" and that "there were important people at home who contributed a note of sharp indecision and timidity." Yet this is submerged in the contrary interpretation already noted, which certainly minimizes the significance of the Taft - Wheeler - Hearst - Patterson - McCormick-Bedaux-Seversky-Kernan school who played upon and developed every line adopted by Churchill.

Jamieson.

ELDRIDGE's work complements that of Butcher and Ingersoll, for it demonstrates that Churchill pursued his anti-democratic policy in Asia as in Europe, and that in the former zone as in the latter he "made no bones about his intention to fight a 'cheap war'." Once again, of course, the cheapness was to be restricted to British lives. Thus, it is interesting to observe that in evacuating Burma before the quickly advancing Japanese, the British pursued two policies, one for the whites, the other for the "natives." The Europeans were sent out first by every available ship and plane, but the Burmese, 400,000 of them, were assigned mountain and jungle trails for negotiation by foot into India, as a result of which they "died by the tens of thousands from starvation and disease."

No wonder that, as the British Under-Secretary for India and Burma confessed in the House of Commons on June 7, 1946, there exists a "reign of terror" in Burma today. No wonder crowds are carrying banners reading "We want complete independence," and that as a result "great use has been made of the military," to quote the restrained remarks of the same official. Still this "Labor" minister was hopeful that "it might be possible to hold elections" of a sort—in April 1947!

Once again is documented the fact that the "British sabotaged agreed military plans," did their best to avoid engaging the enemy, rejected effective cooperation with Chinese troops (not wanting them "milling around the Empire"), and supported the most reactionary and feudal elements within the Chinese command. The work has value, too, for its evidence of the utter corruption and inefficiency of that command intent upon preserving "arms and combat units to fight the Communists and others after the war."

The epic story of the physical and

NOW AIR-CONDITIONED
Matinee Today at 2:30
The Theatre Guild Presents
LAURENCE OLIVIER in
HENRY V
by William Shakespeare
in Technicolor
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS • Only Engagement in New York
Two Perfs. daily, 2:30 and 8:30. All Seats Reserved
Prices: Evs. 2.40, 1.80; Mats daily, 1.80, 1.20; tax incl.
N. Y. CITY CENTER 131 W. 55 Cl. 6-8989 NOW

American Premiere-August 17th
HARRY BAUR
in
"THE POSTMASTER'S DAUGHTER"
Based on PUSHKIN'S Immortal Classic
Featuring
Georges Rigaud and Jeannine Crispin
EXTRA
MAY DAY IN THE USSR
Panorama of the most recent celebration
STANLEY 7th Ave., Bet. 41 & 42 Sts. Wisconsin 7-9686

STARTING THE 16th:
GREAT BRITISH FILM
"A YANK IN LONDON"
and SOVIET MUSICAL COMEDY
"TAXI TO HEAVEN"
IRVING PLACE IRVING PL. at 15th St.

Chesterfield Music Shop
161 GREENWICH ST., N. Y.
WOrth 2-9153
Love Songs—Richard Dyer Bennet.....$3.15
Folk Songs—Josh White.....$2.89
Funny Bone Alley (children's set).....$3.15
161 Greenwich St., N. Y.—WOrth 2-9153
WE SHIP PROMPTLY

PINECREST
In the BERKSHIRES on the Housatonic River
WEST CORNWALL, CONN.
DIANA and ABE BERMAN wish to thank *New Masses* readers for a sold-out summer. A FEW VACANCIES IN SEPTEMBER. Phone: Cornwall 89-12.

Having Wonderful Time
THE ALLABEN
The vacation of your dreams with EVERYTHING for HAVING FUN. Professional tennis courts—giant modern SWIMMING POOL. — pingpong — badminton — riding - records plus ENTERTAINMENT by the ALLABEN PLAYERS featuring Gordon Richards—Jimmie Poust —Lillian Zahn—Murray Eisenstadt—Joe Kutcher and Band and of course . . . THE FAMOUS ALLABEN CUISINE and Hospitality. Your Host . . . Jack Schwartz. *Write for illustrated folder.* We are now accepting RESERVATIONS FOR LABOR DAY WEEKEND. Phone: Ellenville 625.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COME TO

MAKE RESERVATIONS
FOR LABOR DAY NOW
3 Days Minimum $25
Do not come out without reservations
STAR STUDDED SOCIAL STAFF
BERNARD BECKERMAN • AL MOSS
JERRY JAROSLOW • HILDA RAINER
HILAINE BLOK • GLORIA BECKERMAN,
AMOS COLE • BILL SISKIND
Trips to Hyde Park and Mt. Beacon
All Sports—New Facilities
N. Y. Office: 1 Union Sq. W., Room 810
Tel. GR. 7-5089. Bronx tel. OL. 5-7828
or Beacon 731
I. WALLMAN, *Mgr.*

Crystal Lake Lodge
year 'round in the Adirondacks
Under the same management as
ARROWHEAD LODGE
SPRING-FED SIXTY ACRE LAKE
1400 ACRES OF GORGEOUS WOODLANDS, ALL PRIVATE
ALL OUTDOOR SPORTS
INFORMAL ENTERTAINMENT
LUXURIOUS ACCOMMODATIONS
We suggest your early reservations
CRYSTAL LAKE
Chestertown, New York
TELEPHONE: CHESTERTOWN 2490

LAKELAND
Make Your Reservations Now for a Joyous Vacation at
Camp Lakeland
ON SYLVAN LAKE
HOPEWELL JUNCTION, N. Y.
Telephone: Hopewell Junction 85
With All Facilities for a COMPLETE VACATION
DELICIOUS FOODS : : ALL SPORTS
TOP-NOTCH ENTERTAINMENT
N.Y.C.R. to Pawling; bus to Camp
Telephone: GRamercy 7-8659
New York Office: 1 UNION SQUARE W.

Fight Tuberculosis
New Stamps on Sale
NOVEMBER 19

moral courage of the gallant Stilwell is told dramatically and the telling was overdue. This soldier, of fine democratic instincts, did his level best, with some success, actually to fight the Japanese in the midst of Tory-Kuomintang deceit. As a result he lost his command, though obtaining the pleasure of refusing decorations from both Churchill and Chiang.

It is necessary to point out, as in the case of Ingersoll and Butcher, that Eldridge paints a much too rosy picture of American Far Eastern policy. The United States most certainly has not always been for a "strong, free China," and its arming of the Japanese prior to Pearl Harbor had very much deeper and more sinister motivations than "earning an 'honest dollar'." After all, Stilwell *was* removed and replaced by Wedemeyer and Hurley, and the anti-progressive, anti-Communist, anti-Soviet tactics of these gentry are established beyond dispute. Today's news of the concerted attacks by Chiang, bolstered by American materiel and advice, upon the Chinese Communists and the attempted suppression of all vestiges of freedom within Nationalist China are culminations of the story Eldridge tells, but whose full significance he misreads by his insistence upon the generally angelic character of American imperialism.

In toto, and in summation, it may be remarked that the most profound significance of these three books by bourgeois reporters of varying political beliefs, is the striking confirmation they offer of the continuing existence of "The Great Conspiracy Against Russia." For basic to the attempted and accomplished treacheries whose accounts fill these volumes is the determination of world reaction to destroy the Soviet Union.

Actually, it is succeeding only in digging its own grave. The tragedy is that in burying the stinking carcass so many noble lives have already been and still are being lost.

A House and Its People

MORE WAS LOST, *by Eleanor Perenyi. Little, Brown.* $2.75.

THIS is Central Europe as a young American girl saw it for a few years just before the war. Eleanor Perenyi, married to a young Hungarian nobleman with liberal views and landholdings in Czechoslovakia, saw a good deal of the country and its people. She has written an interesting and lively account of old-world architecture, gardens, vineyards; of the Perenyi's colorful landowner neighbors and cousins; of faithful and efficient servants; and of the exhausted society of Budapest. Economic and political rivalries—those things that make a property title in Central Europe an uncertain thing—come in for a fair share of attention.

Unfortunately—because the record as far as it goes is witty and honest—it seemed perfectly natural and right to Eleanor Perenyi in 1938 and 1939 to believe that "even more important than the people . . . was the house." So we don't see much of the people outside the gate: the Czech administrator and his wife are spared an afternoon; the Ruthenians, for whom, incidentally, the country around the castle was named, are disposed of in a single personal encounter that bristles with hostility on both sides. Of the attitude toward the orthodox Jews in the village, the author says, "I could not see that the Hungarians were anti-Semitic, or at least not more so than many people in America. . . ."

There it is, in all its pathetic arrogance—for Eleanor Perenyi wasn't happy when the shock and horror of war finally made her realize that there must have been things she failed to see.

But her husband spent the war years in Europe and saw the bloody consequences. About his pre-war liberal views the book tells us little except that he hated "bigotry and cruelty and prejudice, all the vices that had overrun his country." He was cynical "not of man's capacity but of his desire to resist evil." His first letter to his wife after the war gives us the obvious answer: that people can be more valuable and important, even to one another, than the houses they build or the land they live on. He writes, ". . . the Germans finally took over. . . . For a time, I felt so hopeless and discouraged I didn't want to go on living.

"Then I realized there must be some reaction to all this barbarism, so I joined an underground organization (Communist). . . . I am now living here . . . with my friends (free of charge).

"I have one suit and two pairs of shoes left in the world, but I feel fine—fit. . . ."

HELEN LEONARD.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boardinghouse Idyll

A ROOM FOR THE NIGHT, *by Pauline Leader. Vanguard.* $2.50.

PAULINE LEADER's random recollections of the boarders who frequented her family's rooming house in the town of Johnston, Vermont, make somewhat entertaining reading. The Leader Blocks, as the house was called, catered to itinerant workers, drunks referred by the police, ladies of easy virtue, members of the theatrical profession, as well as somewhat steadier boarders.

Understandably enough, the residents of the Leader Blocks were consistently involved in predicaments, legal or otherwise, many of which made for front-page copy in the town newspaper. One of the funnier incidents the author recounts is the constant struggle of the boarders with her absent-minded father about the steam heat. Equally diverting is the havoc caused when the Leader family tries to identify by room number, instead of name, the constantly shifting tenants.

In what seems to be a standard feature of the "I remember papa, mama and the iceman" literature, the characters of *A Room for the Night* are practically all quaint, lovable or both. Presumably, that is because the author, looking back over the years to the time she was a twelve-year-old, is impressed with the general joyousness of that earlier life. Thus her accounts of the harmless eccentricities of the boarders; a fire in which the janitor is burned to death; and the recurrent pneumonia of still another resident of the Leader Blocks, all seem to be on the same bewildering level of gaiety.

Maybe it's carping to condemn such uniformity of tone in so innocently intended a reminiscence. But it seems to me that in this book, as in others of its type, the true humor to be found in the lives of plain, struggling Americans is best described if along with it goes at least a little of the real, pressing problems the quaintest and most lovable of characters must face.

ROBERT FRIEDMAN.

Gorman.

Economics Digest

MASTER WORKS OF ECONOMICS, *edited by Leonard Dalton Abbott. Doubleday.* $4.

THIS book contains competent digests of ten separate works dealing with the economy of capitalist society, its mercantile youth in the seventeenth century, its manufacturing stage in the eighteenth and its rapid rise during the nineteenth century. Among the authors are Thomas Mun, Turgot, Adam Smith, Malthus, Ricardo, Robert Owen and Karl Marx. The editor could have stopped there but chose also to add Henry George and Thorstein Veblen. This, then, is largely a collection of works on political economy of classical (pre-imperialist) capitalism and culminates in Marx's *Capital.*

The imperialist stage of capitalist society marked by the predominance of trusts, monopolies, finance capital, international cartels and rivalries for world markets is not covered, either by the inclusion of any outstanding twentieth century bourgeois economist or any Marxist authority such as Lenin.

Hence the usefulness of this collection is an academic one.

R. B.

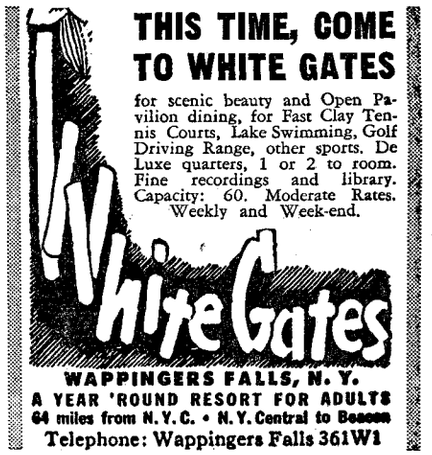
Voices

VOICES OF HISTORY 1945-46, *compiled by Nathan Ausubel. Gramercy.* $4.

THIS volume, edited with great care by Mr. Ausubel, will prove to be of real value, especially to the research student in international affairs. It comprises the major speeches of the world's leading officials for the year past as well as key state documents. From them one senses the host of problems that would emerge in '46. Reading them now one also sees things which were missed completely at the moment the documents were issued and the speeches made.

Unfortunately, important pronouncements of figures outside official circles are not included in an otherwise useful collection.

J. S.


THIS TIME, COME TO WHITE GATES
for scenic beauty and Open Pavilion dining, for Fast Clay Tennis Courts, Lake Swimming, Golf Driving Range, other sports. De Luxe quarters, 1 or 2 to room. Fine recordings and library. Capacity: 60. Moderate Rates. Weekly and Week-end.
White Gates
WAPPINGERS FALLS, N. Y.
A YEAR 'ROUND RESORT FOR ADULTS
64 miles from N. Y. C. • N. Y. Central to Beacon
Telephone: Wappingers Falls 361W1

Deuel Hollow House
in Berkshire Foothills
70 miles from New York. Delicious food served on terrace overlooking our private lake. Free swimming instruction, rowing, fishing, other sports. A completely informal atmosphere.
..Some AUGUST RESERVATIONS Available..
PHONE 3691, WINGDALE, N. Y.
RAISEL COHEN DAVID SACKS

50 miles from New York
Mamanasco
LAKE LODGE
An ideal place to spend a summer vacation • Recordings. Fine Library Open Fireplaces, Congenial Atmosphere, Famous Cuisine. Write or phone, Ridgefield 820
RIDGEFIELD, CONN.

SCHROON Crest
IN THE ADIRONDACKS
POTTERSVILLE, N. Y.
Private Beach. Canoes. Rowing. Motor Boating. All Sports. Recordings. Playhouse. Bar. Dancing Nightly. Entertainment. Harry Alshin and Orchestra. Excellent Cuisine. "Folk Dancing" with David and Augusta Hahn
Open Until September 15
Phone: Chestertown 2830
LEAH OKUN, IRV. SCHOENBERG, Mgt.
An Adult Resort—on Schroon Lake

"For a Capitol Vacation"
HOTEL CAPITOL
LIVINGSTON MANOR, N. Y.
Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Tennis and Handball Courts. All Sports. Modern Accommodations.
Rates: $37.00 and up. Labor Day Weekend Special: $24 per person
Write for Booklet

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HILLTOP Lodge
ON BEAUTIFUL SYLVAN LAKE
Phone: Hopewell Junction 2761
R.R. Station: PAWLING, N.Y.
Only 65 miles from N. Y. C.
Many new improvements and additions this season
GOLF FREE ON PREMISES
TENNIS, Night Tennis, HANDBALL SWIMMING, BOATING, HORSE-BACK, BASEBALL, CYCLING, Etc.
Our Food is Tops
For the Utmost in Vacation Value CHOOSE HILLTOP
Under direction of
Paul Wolfson - Sol Rothauser
N. Y. Office: 277 Broadway
Tel.: COrtland 7-3958
HOPEWELL JUNCTION, N.Y.

Camp Followers • of the Trail •
CAMP FOR ADULTS
40 miles from New York City
TENNIS - SWIMMING - HIKING
HANDBALL - SOCIAL HALL
Excellent Table
Reservations Accepted
New York Central Railroad to Peekskill.
Hudson River Dayline to Indian Point.
WRITE: Buchanan, N. Y.
PHONE: Peekskill 2879

THE WOODLANDS
AN ADULT RESORT — ACCOMMODATING 65
For the LAZYBONES: Art Classes held by Harry Gottlieb - - Well-stocked library - Musical Recordings - Culinary Masterpieces.
For the SPIRITED: Tennis and Handball - Swimming - Ping-Pong - Badminton - Archery - Mountain Trails - Fishing.
Rates $45-$47.50 wkly.
SIGGIE GOLDNER . . . PHOENICIA, N. Y.
Phoenicia 33 F 4

CAMP UNITY
Wingdale, N. Y.
PLAN AN INDIAN SUMMER VACATION
in the Berkshire Mountains
RESERVATIONS NOW AVAILABLE
From September 2-15 (closing date)
WEEKEND SEPT. 13-15
ONE WEEK'S NOTICE REQUIRED
for all changes and cancellations!
New York Office: ONE UNION SQUARE
AL. 4-8024 Wingdale 2461
LOUIS PASTERNAK, Mgr.

Films of the Week

IT WOULD be nice to be able to report that after the long run of dubious comedies and films devoted to murder and mayhem, Hollywood had at last turned out a good picture which comes to grips with a piece of social reality, but *Till the End of Time* is not the one. The movie revolves around an important problem, the rehabilitation of the veteran, but instead of tackling the real thing, the film quickly substitutes for it a sentimental myth of its own construction. Thereafter the movie comes to grips only with itself. The scuffling around lasts the regulation two hours, but the results are indecisive.

The innate phoniness of the movie is not so much in the tale it has to tell, a story involving the return of three Marines. One of them has lost his legs in the war. The adjustment he makes provides the most honest element in the film, in spite of the melodramatic elements involved in his therapy. The second vet has a silver plate in his skull and the desire to own a ranch. The third is Guy Madison. Just what is his problem is never made very clear, but you get the idea that it is something pretty important and probably spiritual.

Cliff (Madison), after running the gauntlet of his family who think he should get right in there and pitch and start making himself into their image and likeness, runs into a young war widow (Dorothy McGuire) in the local beer foundry. From this point on the case of readjustment is compounded by a case of love. It resolves itself after a fight between the Marines and some plug-uglies who are promoting a fascist vet organization. Hearing that his buddies are in trouble, the Marine who has been crippled forces himself to use the artificial limbs which he has formerly, for psychological reasons, been unable to look at, in order to go down and help them out. When one of the trio is seriously hurt in the brawl, all decide that the time has come to do right. Presumably all live happily ever after. Cliff marries the girl and decides he will be able now to stick on a job.

It might be argued that the movie weakens itself by including too many elements, and while it is true that the problems of disabled veterans or of women widowed by the war are big enough in themselves to sustain a whole film, this is not where the picture breaks down. In fact, it is just these themes, plus the warning against fascist vet groups which is timely and down-to-earth, which supply whatever there is of value here. Where the film really fouls itself up is in the ersatz quality of the conflict centering around Cliff. By arguing that the problems of the ex-GI are personal and individual, they can only be solved subjectively on what might almost be called the level of conversion. This is an easy strategy for absolving society for its responsibility toward the veteran and at the same time, by insisting on a suffering-hero attitude almost to the point of paranoia (a vulgarization of the Hemingway-F. Scott Fitzgerald post World War I attitude), the Purple Hearts are distributed with every ticket purchased, and everyone is allowed the sentimental pleasure of a vicarious wound. This is a convenient device. By becoming identified with the veteran, the audience "suffers" with him, and through this form of "penance" they are purged of whatever guilt they feel toward him. In this sense, and it is probably the most damning thing about the movie, it is a very good film for civilians.

"THE STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS" cannot be called good except by comparison with some of the things that are going around, but it will keep you awake.

Martha (Barbara Stanwyck) is the kind of person who could probably not be found outside the movies or Bellevue. She gets off to a bad start as a little girl. Caught in an attempt to run away from her aunt who is as bullying as she is rich, Martha does the old lady in. Instead of confessing to this act—which would most likely have won her the love and esteem of the community—Martha, with the connivance of a greedy and sycophant tutor and his son Walter, cooks up a story of a murderer whom she has seen. She gets away with it, but the murder becomes the agenbite of inwit, the skeleton in the closet.

Eighteen years later, Sam (Van Heflin), the boy Martha was to have run away with, returns. Martha by this time owns her aunt's factories and most of the town and has married Walter (Kirk Douglas), who is now

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

district attorney. When Sam goes to Walter to get him to release Toni (Lizabeth Scott), a girl he has befriended, who has fallen through no fault of her own into the toils of the law, the first thing Walter can think of is that Sam has come back to blackmail Martha and himself. Actually, however, Sam does not know how Martha's aunt was killed. Operating on the assumption that he does, Walter has Sam beaten up in an attempt to scare him out of town. Sam doesn't scare, and anyway by this time Martha has her own ideas of how to deal with him, ideas which, if they aren't as simple as Walter's, are just as elemental. Sam, meanwhile, is in a fog. He emerges only after first succumbing to the blandishments of the Ivers woman, being offered half of the Willow Run which she now bosses, and being invited to put Walter out of the way. It wouldn't be fair to tell you how this rather complicated situation is resolved.

At the bottom of this monument of murder, seduction and madness there is suggestion that if Martha had been allowed to be plain Martha Smith, instead of being forced by her aunt (over the latter's dead body, so to speak) to become head of the house of Ivers, she might have grown up to be a better citizen. I don't think it's worth debating. If there were any intentions of projecting this on a social plane, they are forsaken at once in favor of Gothic tragedy. On this level the film has considerable elan, and the cast seems to enjoy it, all of them turning in excellent performances.

ABOUT three-fourths of the way through *They Were Sisters*, one of the husbands of the three sisters referred to (a handsome specimen of the British bourgeoisie with the kind of head that would look fine over a mantlepiece) observes that his main trouble is that he couldn't help being a bore. It is a purely honest statement, and at that the guy is probably the nicest of the three men involved in this production, but this kind of desperate candor would have been more becoming to the director. The picture tries hard, too; it is committed to the proposition that life is real, life is earnest, but with all of that it can't help being something of a bore.

The women involved are, in their quiet way, as remarkable a trio as you'll find going around. The first married the bore, but not for love. She manages to keep in practice with harmless flirtations until the right man comes along, at which time she gets a divorce and goes off with him to a farm in Africa, leaving her child for sister number two to care for. The name of sister number one is Vera.

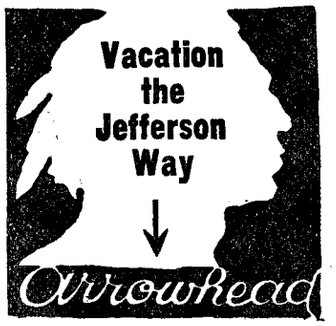
Lucy, number two, marries for love. Husband number two is a very fine fellow. He has a beautiful house in the country, a frightening memory for cliches, and looks a little bit like a high-class con man. Lucy is the kind of woman who is always doing good. She does it so often and with such unction that she will either remind you of a meddling busybody or an uncanonized saint, depending upon your preference. Actually, she is just trying to help.

She is trying to help Charlotte, the third sister. And Charlotte needs it. She married for love, too, but Geoffrey (James Mason) is just the kind of rat who wouldn't know the meaning of the word and wouldn't give a damn if he did. With the passage of time, under the calculated petty cruelties of her sadist husband, Charlotte's ego approaches the vanishing point and she becomes a kind of zombie with a British accent. About the same time she becomes a solitary drinker. But in inverse proportion to the loss of her self respect, she cherishes for Geoffrey a love which has the character of a mysterious and not very pleasant disease. Not even Lucy can save her from her fatal thralldom until one day Charlotte comes out of her gin fog long enough to run into the street and be run over.

At the inquest that follows, Geoffrey's attempt to hide the circumstances of Charlotte's death is ruined by Lucy. The whole horrid story comes out and Geoffrey is left, apparently, to face social ostracism, the loss of his business and whispers of "cad."

But if he becomes a hissing and a by-word, and if Charlotte dies, it is probably Lucy who gets the worst of it. She is left to care for Charlotte's children along with Vera's child. Having no children of her own, that's just what she wants. But the children, who possess the plausible human qualities of very expensive dolls along with the one defect that they don't have to be wound up to perform, are sure to give her some bad times. Still, everyone seems satisfied, and the film ends on an original note when Lucy's husband

ALL THE FUN . ALL THE SPORTS
ALL THE ENTERTAINMENT
Plus Stimulating Lectures



Jefferson School Camp

For information call:
Jefferson School
575 6th Avenue
WA. 9-1602

ARROWHEAD
Telephone:
Ellenville 502

MAUD'S
SUMMER-RAY
NORTH BRANCH, Sullivan County, New York
Tel.: Callicoon 95 or 148
GALA LABOR DAY WEEKEND!
MUSIC, DRAMA, DANCE, SPORTS, LAKE
ORCHESTRA LIQUOR BAR
ARTS AND CRAFTS
For travel information and rates call City Office:
Daily, ORchard 4-0970. Sun., PResident 4-6290

Indian Lake Lodge
In the Heart of the Adirondacks
INDIAN LAKE, N.Y.
Telephone: Indian Lake 2412
Ten Mile Long Lake, a backdrop of 3,500-foot mountain ranges, a hundred acres of lawn and woodland.
Scenic beauty plus all water sports, tennis, hiking, informal atmosphere, good food and comfortable quarters are yours
TO SEPTEMBER 15th

SEPTEMBER IN VERMONT
A few guests are welcome at Ethan Allen Farm to enjoy beautiful fall season and coloring. Simple living. American style cooking. Some vacancies possible in August. $30-32 wk. Write Reland Gray RFD No. 2 Chester Vermont.

VINEYARD LODGE
Beautiful 200-acre farm. Tennis, Handball, Lake nearby, Bicycles, Recordings. Well-balanced American-Jewish meals. Moderate prices. Adults only. Vineyard Lodge, Ulster Park, N. Y., tel. Kingston 3430. Open all year.

THE HEALTH REST
Newest Type of Health Building Resort — Vegetarian—Delightful Estate; Special Diets. Spring Valley, N. Y. Phone Nanuet 2316.

AVANTI FARM
Quiet Workers Resting Place. Fresh Food and plenty. Reservations with deposits now for September-October. Rates $28 per week. $5.50 per day. Children $20 per week. Call 591 M 3—Ulster Park, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW MASSES

Classified Advertisements

50¢ a line. Payable in advance. Min. charge $1.50. Approx. 7 words to a line. Deadline, Fri., 4 p.m.

RoKo GALLERY **RoKo FRAMES**
Handsomely Framed Large Reproductions
BRAQUE, PISSARO, GAUGUIN LAUTREC
Reduced prices during August
Changing group exhibitions thru August
We solve all framing problems. CHelsea 2-7049
51 Greenwich Ave. (East of 7th Ave. & 11 St.)

LECTURE—AUG. 15th

"The Unconscious is Next Door"—by Eli Siegel. Presented by Committee for Aesthetic Analysis, Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57 St., Room 601. 8:30 P.M. Admission $1.00 (tax incl.).

ESSAY-POETRY BOOKLET

SOCIAL CONTACTS be praised for the People's Production: "HUMAN SIDE OF LIFE"; selected Writings by Art Knight. 44 pp., ebony-tissue cover, $1. Address: HUMAN SIDE OF LIFE PRESS, c/o 350 E. 17th St., New York 3, N. Y.

EYE CARE

EUGENE STEIN, Optometrist—Eye examinations—Glasses Fitted—Visual Training—Prescription Sun Glasses. Room 507, 13 Astor Place, N. Y. 3, near East 8th St. and Broadway. GR. 7-0930.

PIANO TUNING

Piano tuning, repairing, tone restoring and refinishing. Pianos bought and sold. Ralph J. Appleton, 595 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Tel. PL. 3-0566.

TYPEWRITER CO.

Progressive typewriter shop, veteran operated, 100% union. Low rates, pick up and deliver. 633 Melrose Avenue. JE. 8-1604.

TRUCKS FOR HIRE

Chauffeur, Veteran, 1½-ton truck, seeks work, $3.50 per hour. Call Ed. Wendell, JErome 7-3998, till 6 P.M.

FARM HAND

Farm Hand-N. Y. State. Recovered from a nervous illness. been working on a farm for six years. Looking for a liberal and friendly atmosphere to work in permanently, with intelligent, patient young or middle aged people, where speed is subordinate to loyalty and decency, I could do fine for all concerned. Wages are very much secondary. Please write describing mental environment. Box 48 N.M.

STENOGRAPHER WANTED

Competent Stenographer, general office work, progressive publication. Interesting job, Union conditions. Call GR. 3-5146.

New Masses
ADVERTISING RATES

Classified
50 cents a line
(seven words)
Minimum 3 lines

Display
$5.25 per inch
Write for details

NEW MASSES, 104 E. 9th St.
New York 3, N. Y. GR. 3-5146

points out that God's in his heaven, all's right with the world.

Maybe so, but I have a couple of questions just the same. For example, why is Geoffrey such a heel? Lucy suggests that through Charlotte he is trying to get even with all of them—presumably her family, but possibly all of mankind. This is never developed. And why does Charlotte stay with him? It is no use pointing out that women sometimes do just that. It has to be made understandable within the film.

The main thing that stands out through all of this is the acting of James Mason. It is so good that you can forgive some of the inadequacies of the film.

THOMAS MCGRATH.

Records

IT IS wrong to belittle folk music, and also wrong to make a cult out of it. The term "peoples' music" should be used with a full consciousness that the great stream of composed music is likewise part of the peoples' heritage. Actually these two streams do not conflict with each other. They have existed side by side throughout the history of music, and have often joined forces with the most fruitful results.

An outstanding example of such interraction is Franz Schubert's cycle of twenty songs, *The Maid of the Mill.* Schubert worked as an inspired and imaginative artist with the basic patterns of Viennese folk and popular song, and thereby enriched both the idiom of the mainstream of European music and the literature of folk song. In this cycle he created a potent form the full resources of which have not yet been fully explored. He tells a touching little story through a series of lyrical units, like a sonnet sequence. The poems are on the sentimental side, but the music rises far above them, presenting a tender picture of adolescence illuminated by a warm love of people and nature. The performance by Lotte Lehmann, assisted by Paul Ulanowsky, is a masterly one, sensitive to the word accents as well as the musical line. Although the great song, *Ungeduld,* had to be omitted because of contract tangles, this album is one of the best musical buys of the year (Columbia M615).

Folk songs in their original form tend to be simple and repetitious, because they were not conceived as elaborately finished works of art. Rather they are patterns to be used as the basis for improvisation in word and music, and it is their simplicity, combined with a wonderfully concentrated and honest emotion, which makes this germinating power possible. Sung as art songs, as Richard Dyer-Bennett does, there is a somewhat alien preciousness added to them. The six songs he chooses in his album of *Love Songs,* however, are very fine, and at least two songs, *Brigg Fair* and *Venezuela,* can stand up with any song ever written. (Disc 609.)

The flexibility of folk song and its impact on history are illustrated in *Freedom Sings,* an album of six songs of the Spanish War, recorded by the Spanish Republican Army Chorus and Orchestra in 1939. These are old Spanish folk songs adopted by the heroic Republican army, and given a new emotional cutting edge in the process. The singing is in Spanish but the album adds the embittered, militant English verses, and the history of each song. The brilliant arrangements are by the composers Pittaluga and Hallfter. (Keynote 128.)

Still another aspect of folk music, its use in orchestral composition, is found in Aaron Copland's *A Lincoln Portrait.* This is a work in three short movements, of which the last is a setting of Lincoln's words on democracy and slavery. The second movement is a free and skillful elaboration of two songs of Lincoln's time. The opening is a very affecting mournful section, the themes of which reappear in the final underlining and punctuation Copland provides for Lincoln's words. This music is an example of the more explicit relationships to their audience which many American composers sought during the war, and which I hope remains a vital principle in American music in peacetime. The words are spoken by Kenneth Spencer and the orchestra is the New York Philharmonic led by Artur Rodzinsky. (Columbia X-266.)

Albums by Bidu Sayao and Lily Pons give opera lovers a lesson in good and bad singing. Miss Sayao's voice is small but most beautiful. Far more important however, is her ability to project an operatic role both as a human being and in terms of the musical style of each period. To go through Mozart, Bellini, Puccini, Massanet and Gounod as understandingly as she does, in *Celebrated Operatic Arias,* is an interpretive and technical feat of the most admirable kind. Lily Pons, in her *Waltz*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Album, gives pieces by Strauss, Gounod, and Noel Coward plenty of vocal glitter, but her pitch is not always accurate, nor does she vary her style from one work to the next. (Columbia M606.)

Boccherini's *Sonata in C Major* is a charming piece of eighteenth century music which Gregor Piatigorsky tosses off on the cello with a violinist's bright tone and lightness of bowing (Columbia 71785-D). And getting back to folk patterns, an album of light music which it is a pleasure to recommend is that of six Brahms Hungarian Dances, done to a turn by Erica Morini (Victor 1053). S. FINKELSTEIN.

the clearing house

LONG distance please: The Contemporary Theater in Detroit, a progressive workers' group which maintained a high level of left-wing productions before the war, is now being revived. . . . The Detroit Music Guild is planning a survey of the number of Negro musicians employed in the classical music field to determine whether and to what degree discrimination exists against them. . . . Also in the making is the Detroit Physician's Forum.

The American Youth for Democracy is aflutter with arrangements for a Hootenany at the Art Institute on Sept. 21. *The Front Page*, by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, one of the liveliest plays ever to bounce across the boards, is being revived. This being 1946 and the authors grown-up men with a sense of social responsibility and no longer the rapscallion young reporters of the disorganized twenties, wouldn't it be a good idea to cleanse the play of such epithets as "nigger" which marred the *The Front Page* of 1928?

Harry Ringell, who describes himself as a Marxist magician and the only man who can swallow seven electric light bulbs whole and bring them out lit, is a legerdermainic wow at the Crystal Lake Lodge. C'mon Harry, let's see you swallow *Das Capital*—all three volumes.

To and fro across the border: Phil Irving, singer, just returned from a successful engagement in Canada singing for progressive and commercial organizations. . . . Bob Howard, who has done a swell job as director for People's Artists Inc., is vacationing in Canada and will return in the fall to the stage. Bina Houstan carries on the good work in Bob's place. . . . This outfit tried to get a picture of one of its entertainers on the cover of *Billboard*, the theatrical publication, only to be informed they would have to buy space for five consecutive weeks to do so. This is the sheet that locked its workers out so tightly during a recent strike that they couldn't even get in to collect personal belongings and the Newspaper Guild fund box. Woodie Guthrie is on his way to Toronto to give our neighbors a musical education in American folklore.

The September selection of the Book Find Club is Upton Sinclair's latest addition to the Lanny Budd series, *A World To Win*. What has Superman got that Lanny lacks? . . . Spotlights: Arthur Miller, author of *Focus*, hard-hitting novel on fascist and anti-Semitic trends in America, has written a thirty-minute play on the same subject for Stage for Action. . . . And John La Touche, co-chairman of their Writers Committee, is working on a ballad based on the petition to the United Nations, an appeal put out by the National Negro Congress.

The Jefferson Chorus, with Horace Grenell conducting and Frederic March narrating, has made a recording of Langston Hughes' poem, *Freedom Plow*. During pauses in the reading the chorus sings *Ode to Science*, *John Brown our Hope and Faith* and *New World A-Comin'*. Mr. March donated his earnings to the Independent Citizens Committee.

Hollywood highlights: John Howard Lawson, playwright and screenwriter, author of *Sahara*, *Action in the North Atlantic* and *Counterattack*, is taking time off from movies to do a three-volume history of the United States. . . . Albert Maltz is writing a new novel. . . . E. Y. Harburg, author of *Bloomer Girl*, is coming to New York with a new musical as yet untitled which satirizes Southern senators and attacks Jim Crow. . . . One of the new best sellers on the Coast is the dollar edition of *The Great Conspiracy Against Russia* by Sayers and Kahn.

Action in the Northwest: Meridel Le Sueur, author of *North Star Country*, is conducting a vigorous discussion and training group in Minnesota. Two of her class members, Natalie Blonche and Ray Smith, have already had stuff published in NM. RUTH STARR.

EVERYTHING YOUR HEART DESIRES
(and more!) awaits you here! Over 25 ways to have fun, including Tennis, Swimming, Boating, Handball, Riding, Dancing, Arts & Crafts. All Other Sports. Good Eating, Merry Company. Cheery Quarters, Regular and Deluxe. Full Entertainment Staff.
MAKE RESERVATIONS NOW
Notify us promptly, enclosing deposit. Easy to reach by train, bus or door-to-door taxi service.
OPEN TIL AFTER NEW YEAR'S
WOODBOURNE, N.Y. Tel. WOODBOURNE 1150
CHESTERS
ZUNBARG
A DELIGHTFUL HIDEAWAY IN THE MOUNTAINS

Another . . .

NEW MASSES WEEK-END!

At

CHESTER'S ZUNBARG

WOODBOURNE, N. Y.

September 6-7-8

Rates for entire Weekend

With transportation	**$27**
Without transportation	**$22**

Chartered bus leaves from NM Office, 104 East 9th St., Friday evening, 7:00 p.m.

NEW MASSES SPEAKERS

Plus Social Staff

Please enter the following reservations for New Masses Weekend;

Mr. & Mrs.....

Mr.—Miss .....

Address .....

.....

☐ With Transportation

☐ Without Transportation

$5 deposit for each reservation

Enclosed find $.....

For..... reservations.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Cultural Evening of Unusual Distinction

New Masses Presents

"CULTURE AT WORK"

CARNEGIE LIBRARY
AUG 20 1946
OF PITTSBURGH

CARNEGIE HALL

Sunday, September 22nd at 8:30 p. m.

Entire program in detail will appear on this page next week

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED